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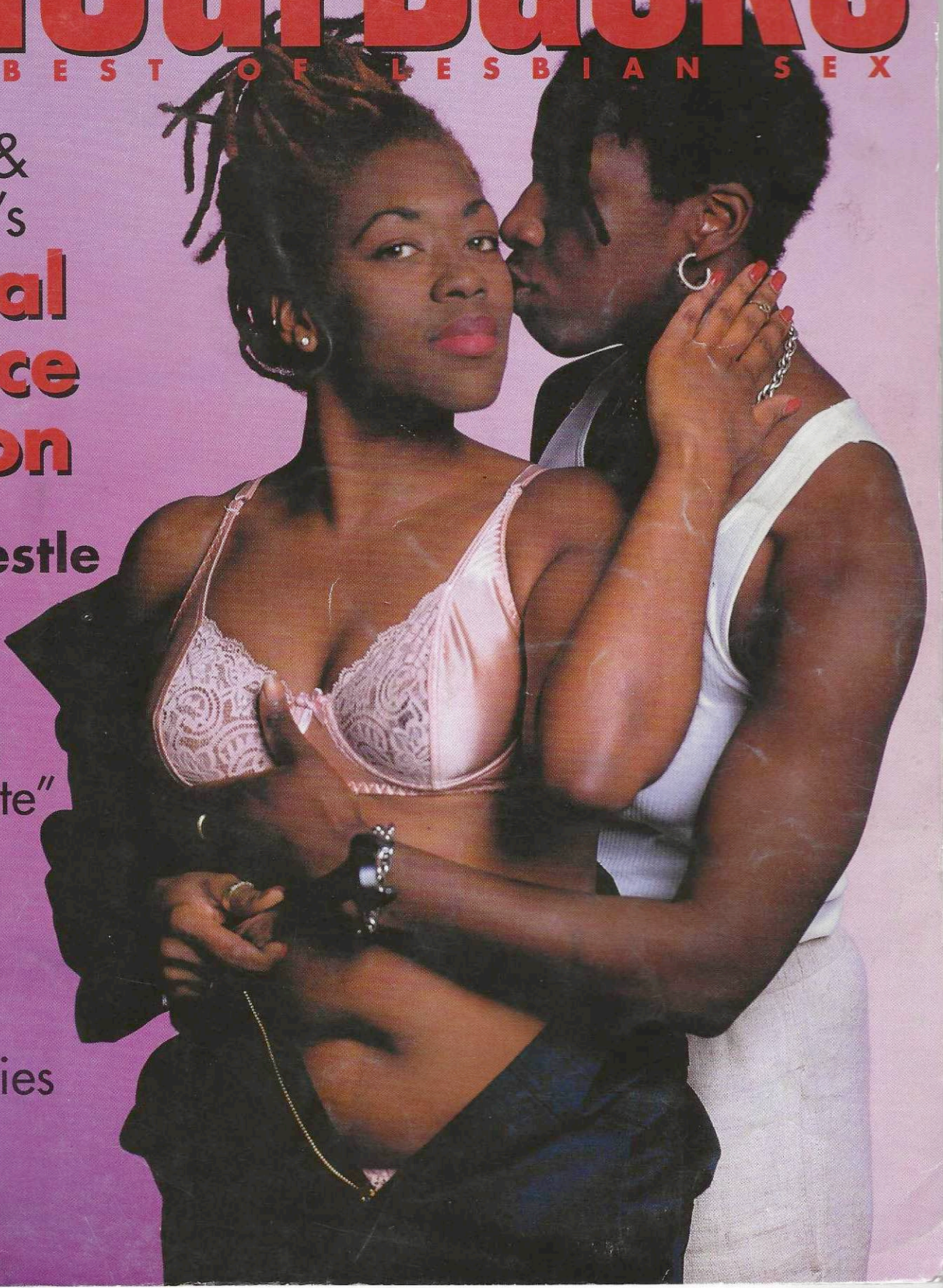

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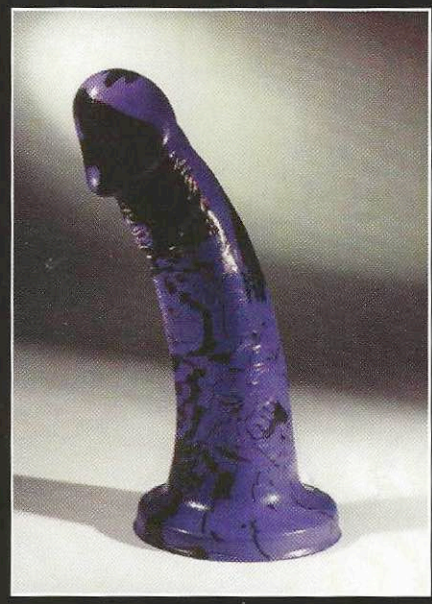

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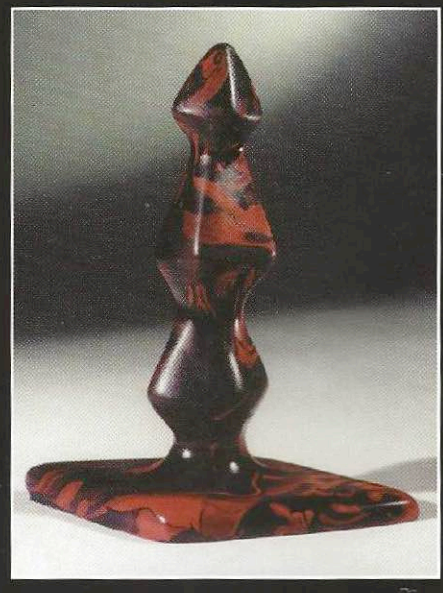

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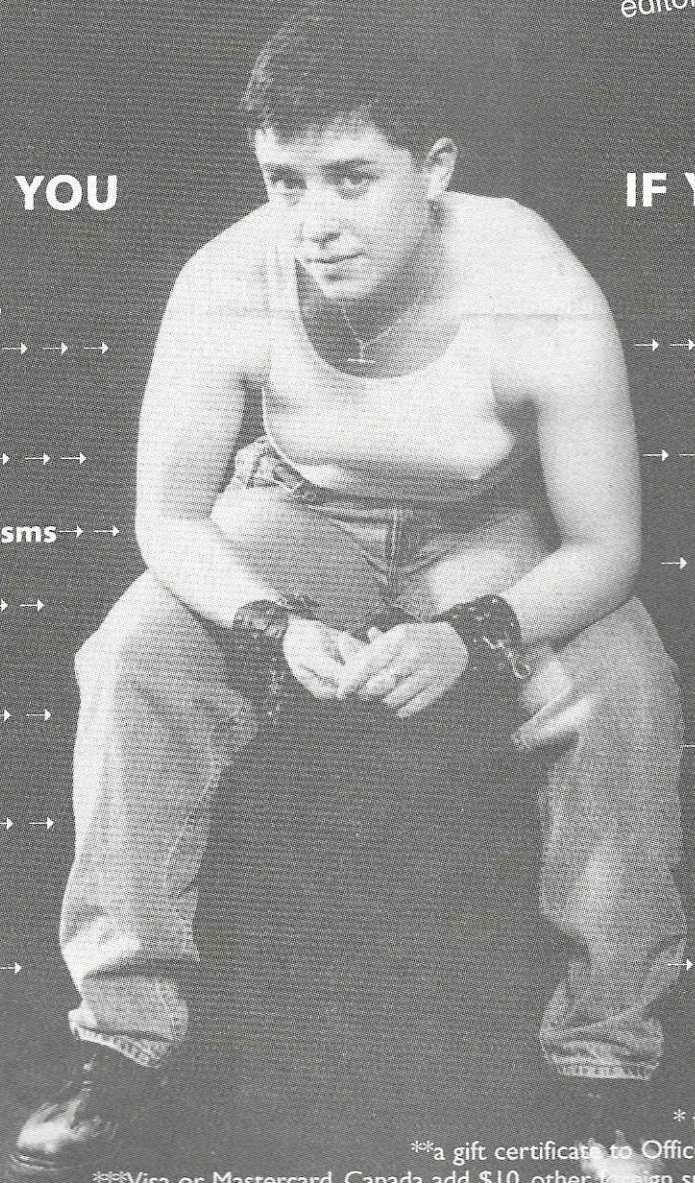
editorial



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On Our Backs

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

February / March 1999
Volume 14, Number 1

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Frankie finds Dymond's titty.
Photography by Peter daSilva

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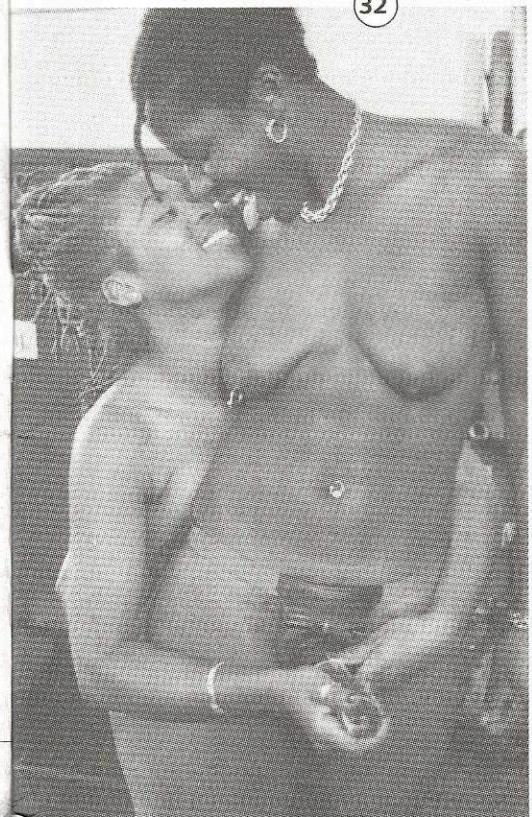

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contributors

Compiled by Lori Selke

Mary Tidbits lives in San Francisco and works as a landscaper. She says her story "Cowpoke" (page 39) was inspired by her life experience: "I've spent a lot of years working on a lot of ranches. I even worked as a wrangler for a while when I lived in Montana, and I've been riding ever since I was little." This is her first published story.

Mary Tidbits

"I've known Omi for a long time, and think she's wonderful, so this was an exceptionally fun shoot for me," says **Erica Mainshine**. Of Omi's aerialist act (page 16), she says, "I was a little shocked to actually see her up there, way off the ground. We painted some designs on her body, and we had all these fabulous costumes—it was a total kinky circus thing. I think we ended up with something really dynamic and collaborative. I love working like that." A fashion, editorial, and fine art photographer based in San Francisco, Mainshine is also a regular contributor to *Girlfriends* magazine.

Erica Mainshine

JUDI SWINKS

Diane Anderson-Minshall, former executive editor of *Girlfriends* magazine and author of our sexploitation review (page 12) says she prefers her chosen genre to porn because "with porn you know they're serious about their objectification and their male-centered themes; sexploitations mock all—and men, too." Her current favorite sexploitation star is "the voluptuous Anna Nicole Smith." Anderson-Minshall currently lives in Boise, Idaho, where she is a freelance entertainment writer and is working on a book about lesbian sex on film. "Plus," she says, "I'm doing the celebrity skirt-chasing thing big time."

Diane Anderson-Minshall

Jennifer Finch, who provided the illustration for "Cowpoke" (page 38) has also published a fabulous erotic graphic novel entitled *Adventures of a Lesbian College School Girl*, available from NBM Press (www.nbmpub.com).

Jennifer Finch

JENNIFER FINCH

New York-based photographer **Katrina Del Mar** provided the images for our letters page (page 6) and our Backtalk column (page 48). She says of her work, "I run with a bad crowd; that's how I get my great shots." Del Mar's work has appeared, among other places, in magazines such as *Bikini* and *Paper*. She has self-published several small books, and is currently shopping another to publishers.

Katrina del Mar

KATRINA DEL MAR

Leanne Franson, the illustrator for "Lullabye for a Knife Sharpener" (page 30), is a bi-dyke living and working in Montreal. She mainly illustrates children's books now, but is probably best known for her self-published comic 'zine "Liliane," available in single issues or book form from P.O. Box 274, succ. place du parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2W 2N8. "I'm thrilled to be drawing something more 'adult' than kids' books," she says, "but would've loved to have live models to draw from! Drat!" She adds that her subscription to **On Our Backs** nicely complements her Good Vibrations Premium Customer Card.

Leanne Franson

from the editor

When this magazine is published, it will have been four months since Matthew Shepard's murder. But I'm convinced that Shepard's death is the kind of thing neither you nor I will forget in four months. Or four years. My memory is selective, but forgetting this would be a fucking crime.

I can clearly remember laying in bed after I first heard about it. I remember thinking I was glad I didn't live in Wyoming. I remember mentally cutting that state out of my life. I remember trying to imagine the terror of dykes and fags living in that part of the country. Audre Lorde wrote, "Recognizing the power of the erotic within our lives can give us the energy to pursue genuine change within our world." Matthew Shepard's death raised the question for me: What's important about our sex lives when we're being destroyed in the outside world?

Assistant Editor Lori Selke, our gorgeous models Frankie and Dymond, and I share a moment behind the scenes

I always translated Lorde pretty literally: I thought that dykes who strove for creative, satisfying sex were, in their own way, doing their political part. Now I'm not so sure. I believe it's very important that dykes talk about sex, read about sex, and have sex. But what about being part of a cohesive group that can rise up in times of emergency?

I took my concerns to a woman named Joan Nestle a few weeks later. Nestle has plenty to say about erotic courage. She's a dyke who consistently talked about sex when it wasn't okay to mention the subject.

"One person is murdered; that's a basis for a political movement," Nestle said when I explained my worries. She seemed convinced that the time was ripe for the political acumen of the women's movement to join the agenda of the queer sex culture. See the **On Our Backs** interview on page 20 for more about her inspiring politics, from her love for younger women and other femmes, to—my favorite—her take on "femme loneliness."

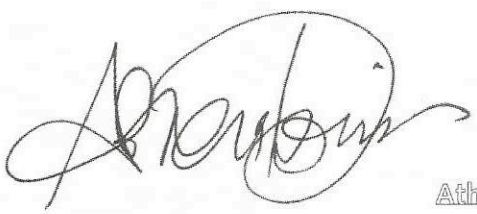
Speaking of courage, Leslie Feinberg, transgender activist, author, and the subject of our October/November **On Our Backs** interview, took part in a peaceful demonstration for Shepard's death in New York City this past October .

S/he was one of many protesters arrested by New York City police. This fact was virtually ignored by the mainstream press; to read more about hir arrest, see hir Web site: www.transgenderwarrior.org.

As for me, Shepard's death has irrevocably changed, how I think about the goals of **On Our Backs**. I'm realizing that it's not enough for us to operate in a vacuum: We need allies such as the Community United Against Violence. I didn't see **On Our Backs**'s role in that organization before. Now it seems absolutely clear.

Please write and tell me what, exactly, you and your friends are doing to fight back against the hatred of gays and dykes that's out there, and in us. We need each other's minds as well as we need our bodies.

Love,



Athena Douris, editor

PETER DA SILVA

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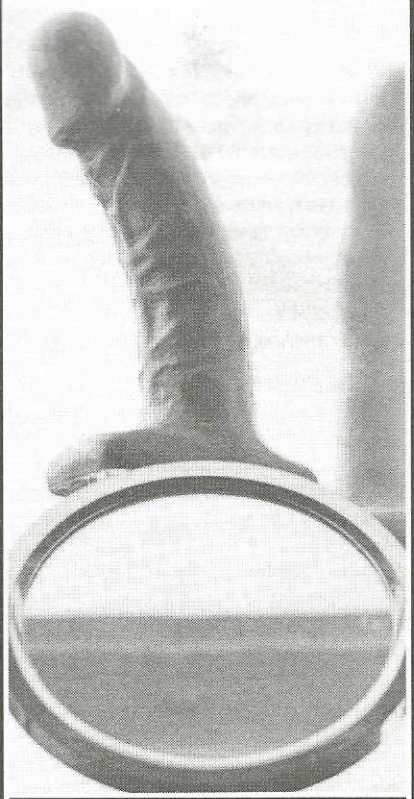

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letters

SEX WITH DOGS, ETC.

I was really impressed with the Back Talk column October/November 1998 issue. ("What sexual turn on have you never told anyone?") You included stuff in your that's rarely mentioned, and I'm glad you did. I hope you don't get totally slammed for it. These are real feelings of real people, even the scary ones.

Keep up the great work. We love your magazine here at Good Vibes.

Charlie Glickman,
Afterhours Coordinator,Good Vibrations
San Francisco, California

CANDYE COMES

I just wanted you to know that this is the third time I have masturbated to my **On Our Backs** issue! I am totally in love with every woman in the magazine (including myself), but I especially love Marcy and Sarah ("Driving Ms. Diesel," August/September 1998). Now, whenever I am on the road, I look at the truckers, wishing I could see them. Please keep those beautiful butches on your pages!

Candye Kane
Encenitas, California

TURNING UP ROSEN

My favorite photo spreads in the new **On Our Backs** so far have been Tirza and Oriana (August/September 1998) and "Precious Jade" (October/November 1999). I liked how Tirza and Oriana were reacting to each other, not the camera: I could feel the heat. And Jade—the set, the light, the model, the layout: everything worked for me.

Michael Rosen
San Francisco, California

BRING ON THE DIESEL

I got so aroused when I saw the Marcy and Sarah layout (August/Spetember 1998)! As a femme-appearing, body-building dyke, I find dyke-to-dyke sex very erotic. The images you used were nothing shy of incredible, and I hope this is not a "one shot" deal. Please keep giving dyke-to-dyke love its fair share.

S. Solomon
Washington, D.C.

Yes Ma'am; we have plans for more butch-butch shoots in the works.

BUTCH-ENVY

The pictorial of Marcy and Sarah fucking was outrageous! I was dismayed by the butch-on-butch sex until I realized I was just jealous. I wished one of those fine women was fucking little 'ol femme me instead of each other. I look forward to the next issue with bated breath and twitching cunt.

Melinda Johnson
Fresno, California

TABOO TIPS

The Marcy and Sarah trucker shoot was the best you've had for three reasons: (1) butches (yum); (2) "I love fucking" facial expressions; and (3) raw, nasty sex without love and accessories. What a turn-on. Please bring on more butches; hard-core, non-SM sex; fisting; transsex (in honor of Leslie Feinberg—what a human!); and maybe even (I know I 'm probably pushing it) some "queer" sex—dykes and fags getting it on. And how about some fat -girl sex, too? I love your magazine, but it's often too nice to really turn girls like me on.

Gabrielle
raincrooner@hotmail.com

Thanks for the ideas; to the rest of our most-loved readers, send us more!

ROLES, PLEASE!

I just recently discovered **On Our Backs** and I have to say this is the best lesbian porn I have seen yet! But where are the butch/femme couples?

Amy
AmyKixAss@aol.com

Are the shoots in this issue—starting on pages 22 and pages 32—butch/femme enough for you? Let us know!

RAPE OF THE SCHLOCK

When I read the comments from Lynn Bayloy, I had to respond ("Letters", October/November 1998). Lynn, you may not believe it, but many dykes, myself included, have rape fantasies and use dildos. Just because it doesn't float your boat doesn't mean "80% of dykes" would like you speaking for them. I find it a relief that I can read about these things and not feel ashamed for what gets me wet.

So honey, when you get a girl in a leather corset who ties you up and fists you into a wet frenzy—making you dream about when she'll rape-fuck you with a strap-on—don't come crying to me or **On Our Backs** for a release.

And by the way, if I was to run around naked, in a parking garage, in front of a heterosexual male, with a sign saying "I want to be fucked," he'd still have no right to think I'm begging for anything he can give me.

D. Rizza
Roxbury, Massachusetts

FIX IT UP

The pix in your August/September 1998 issue were well-shot and had humor to them, something that should be in all porn but is sorely lacking in most. The one thing I found disappointing was the production values. You should switch from black and white to color, glossy paper. Chelsea would have looked so much better!

Kelly Perl
[location withheld]

Ah, that's exactly what we wish as well! Unfortunately, until we sell a ton more subscriptions, we're stuck with black and white. But while we're on the subject, why don't you write in and let us know how much "pink" should **On Our Backs** *show? When we go color, should we keep some black and white?*

KATRINA DEL MAR

HIRSUTE FOR HER

Thank you for the "Sole Mates" photos (October/November 1998)! My favorite was the clear shot of the girl's armpits and vagina. I keep staring at it. Please, please include more photos in the future of girls with full body hair.

Lastly, super-femme editor, I love your sexy photo on page seven of that issue. I am going to fantasize about how dark and hairy you are—all over—and privately I will, to use your words, "cream on."

Shelly
Dallas, Texas

Your editor shaves, to be perfectly honest with you, but keep that fantasy alive.

REAL SEX

I love seeing butches have sex. More please, and keep your illustrator Fish (October/November 1998), she rocks.

Jake
[location withheld]

Harder, faster, a little to the left? The only way we'll know is if you tell us, okay? Email staff@gfriends.com, fax 415.648.9464, mail **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. Thanks and you know we love you. That's a fact.

i CAME, i SAW, i SHOT!

by Tristan Taormino

WHEN i WAS A JUNIOR iN COLLEGE AND A MERE BABY ADVENTURE GIRL, DEBi SUNDAHL, A.K.A. FANNY FATALE, CAME TO CAMPUS TO SHOW THE LATEST FEATURE FROM THE LESBiAN PORN EMPiRE FATALE ViDEO: AN iNSTRUCTiONAL ViDEO CALLED "HOW TO FEMALE EJACULATE."

I got the low down on my G-spot that day (the spongy thing that surrounds the urethra), and a lesson in the controversy surrounding the whole concept of female ejaculation. Some believe that it just doesn't happen, and that women are urinating, not ejaculating. But they're wrong. I remember being mesmerized by the sight of all these different women sitting around talking, jerking off, coming, and yes, ejaculating. It was yet another revolutionary concept straight out of San Francisco: women can shoot their loads just like the boys.

It took a few years and another opportunity to see a woman actually do it—this time in person—before I started on my mission to learn how to ejaculate. That woman was my friend Kim Airs, the proprietrix of the Grand Opening! Sexuality Boutique in Brookline, Massachusetts. Kim teaches a workshop on the subject, and did a live demo for me at a sex party one night. We were in the bathroom after she had just finished having sex with someone, and she said she was coming all over the place.

"Wanna see?" she asked, and I eagerly nodded.

She whipped out one of those absorbent bed pads for incontinent people (a must-have accessory for "girl shooters"), spread those perky'n'pierced pussy lips of hers, cocked her hips forward, and started shooting juice from her cunt. She looked like a fucking goddess doing it—beautiful, powerful, sexy, and wet, wet, wet. Wow. I decided that night I just had to learn. I was ready to see the video again, take a workshop, and invest in all those toys designed for G-spot stimulation. But there are some things you just can't plan. And you know, dear readers, how I love the unexpected.

Well, I'd be thrilled to tell you all about what set the stage for my immaculate ejaculation. But I have a mere page, and it just wouldn't do it justice. I'd love to tell you about two of the hottest butches in New York requesting my presence at a certain club in Brooklyn. I'd love to describe Val, a stocky, mean-looking top who's been in the scene for 20 years and has

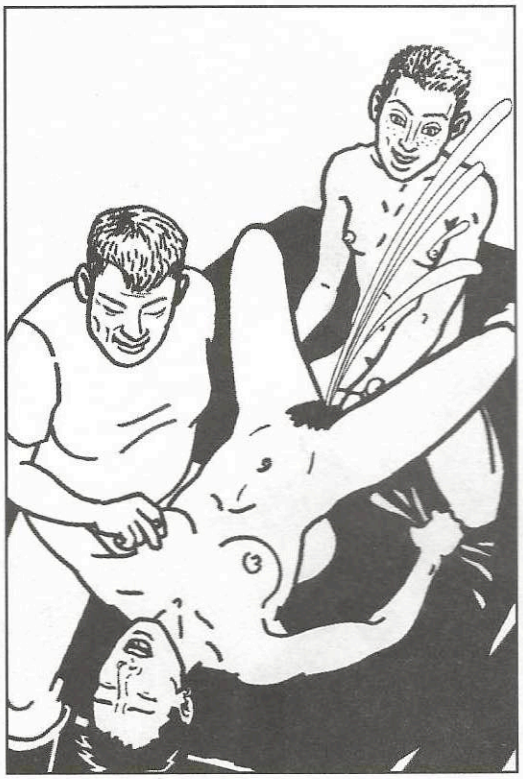


Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

the impeccable skills to prove it. I'd love to tell you about her boy Red, named for her coppery razor-short hair, whose innocent freckles camouflage an intense tolerance for pain and torture. Red is one of the finest butches I have ever laid eyes on; she makes this femme bottom want to be a butch daddy just for her.

I want to relate how it felt to lean against Red's lean, solid body, feeling her rock-hard dick through soft leather pants as Val cut all my clothes off with her knife in a public scene at this club. I want to tell about being flogged, having clothespins stuck up and down my back and ass, and being flogged some more, then being hooded, dragged to a truck, and driven to an unknown location. There were trivia questions punished with slaps and spanks when answered incorrectly. There were cocks and fingers shoved in my pussy, mouth, and ass. Red held me down while Val pierced my chest. It was a long, complicated scene full of pushing boundaries, initiation, and good old-fashioned fucking. I thought it was over as we all crashed in Val's bed in the early morning hours.

In the morning, I woke up on my back in between two hot butches. Heaven. Red snapped on a latex glove and started fucking me with the same ferocity as the night before. She was working my G-spot with a definite mission and suddenly I got *that* feeling. It's a feeling I've had plenty of times during penetration and G-spot stimulation, a feeling like I was going to pee. I have always resisted the urge, held back, and many times even stopped the action to run to the bathroom. More often than not, I wind up on the toilet with a trickle or no pee at all.

"I feel like I'm gonna pee," I said.

"You're not going to pee," Red reassured me. "Just let go." It was tough. I've practiced holding it in for years, in fear I would pee on lovers who weren't exactly the golden-showers types. But Val was there in the bed, and Red was talking in such a sure, soothing way. So I did what she said, and I let go.

Minutes later, I was coming. It felt like an altogether different kind of orgasm than I'm used to. I had that climax feeling, but instead of being followed simply by a rush and pussy contractions, I felt a warm wave run through my insides. It just took over, and I went with it. When Red took my hand and put it on the blanket underneath me, I was shocked. I had made a puddle that soaked her black comforter. It seemed like an enormous amount of liquid to have come out of my little body.

I gushed, verbally this time. "Oh my God! I did that! I've never done that before. It's so cool. How did you make me do it?"

She filled me in on her secrets: how she finds the G-spot, works it for a while, then reaches behind it and literally tries to pull the come out. She knows how to ejaculate herself, and loves to make other women do it.

"When women usually come, they make noise, they make faces, you can feel their cunts contract, but it's all an internal experience," she said. "When I make a woman ejaculate, it's a visible, tangible sign of her orgasm—I love it!"

I've been able to ejaculate twice since then. The hardest part still is getting that full-bladder feeling and being able to push out rather than hold back. It was a life-changing event, and I look forward to perfecting this newfound trick. Kim, where did you say you got those absorbent bed pads?

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com

sex couture

Science Friction

It's easier to get your pussy wet when your eyes are excited. Face masks that lace on the top of one's head like a corset, wrist ruffles like fish fins, and Elizabethan-inspired leather neck bands are enough to stimulate those baby blues. Contradiction, contradiction: that's the idea. And don't worry about walking, you don't have to wear these anywhere but from the closet to the bed. Or chair. Or St. Andrew's cross. Or...

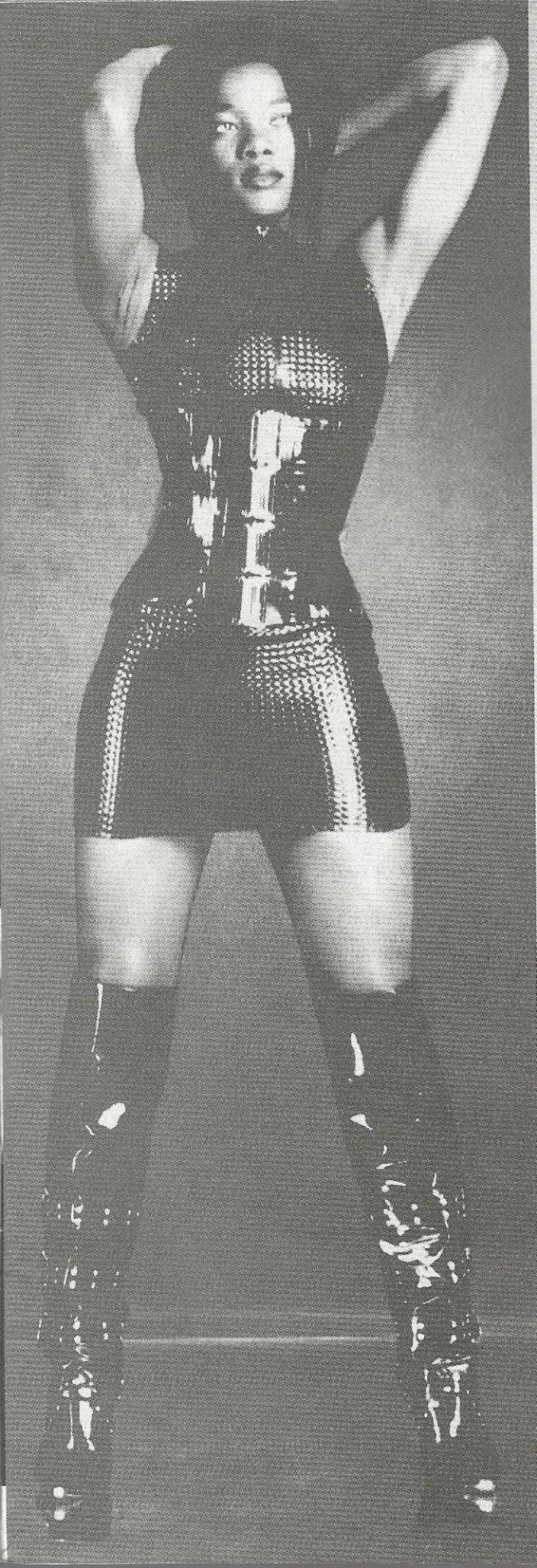
THIS PAGE: Marbleized skirt, $130; Corset, $237; "orchid" collar, $127; and "orchid" wrist sleeves, $144. Model: Christine Atallah

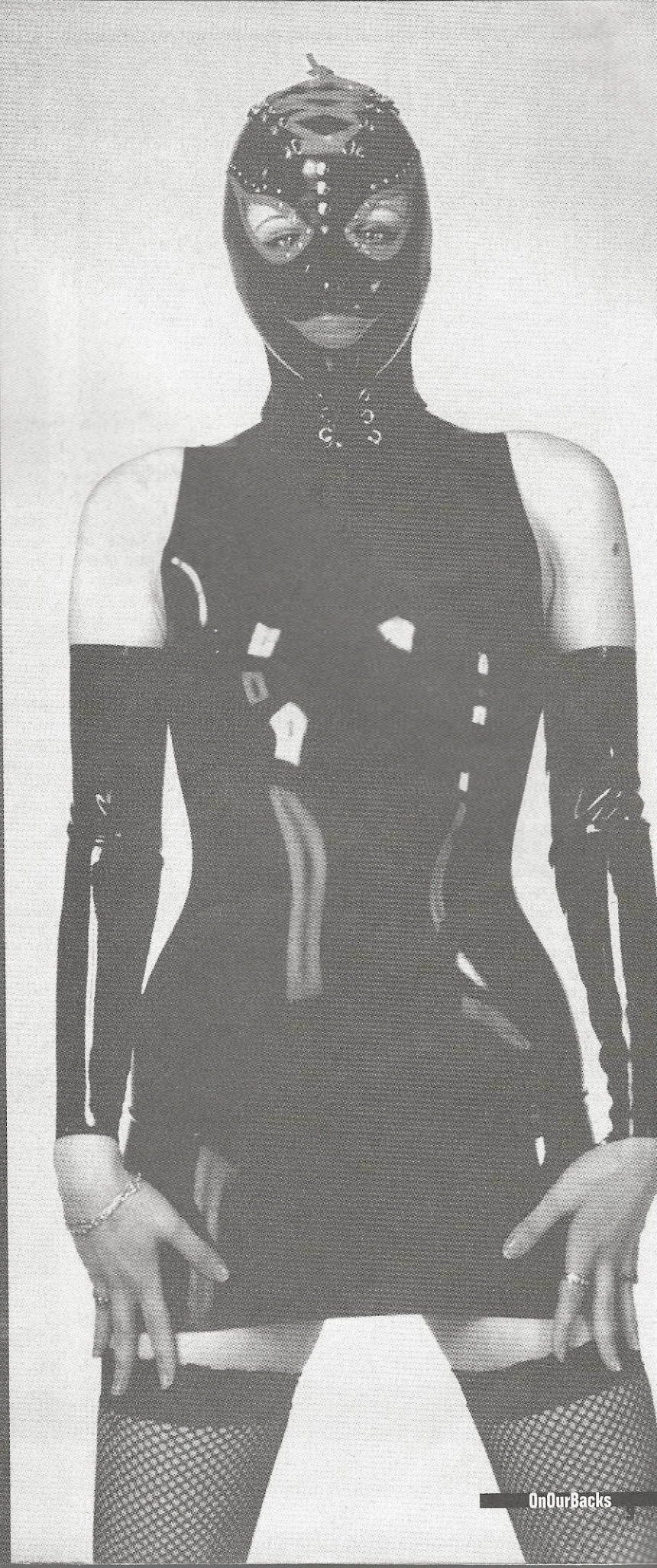
RIGHT: Textured miniskirt, $80; long corset, $237; textured tank top, $112. Model: Suzie Bellizaire

FAR RIGHT: Mockneck dress, $145; posture collar, $65; metal studded mask, $184; long sleeves, $52. Model: Melanie Prévast

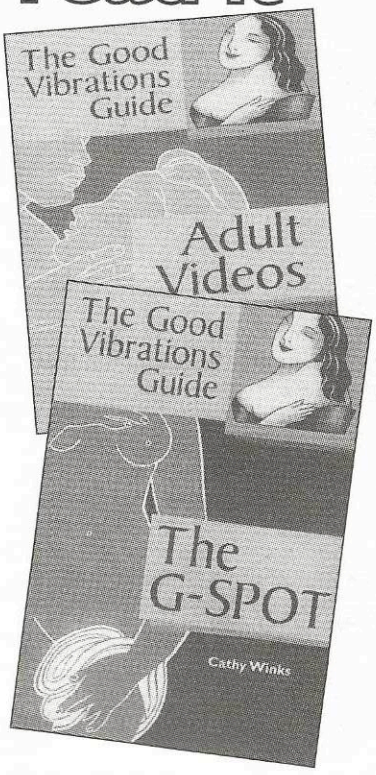
All clothing by Polymorphe, 5045 Paul-Pau, Montréal (Québec) Canada H1K 2M6. Phone: 514-351-8301

Photography by Stephanie Fournier





read it



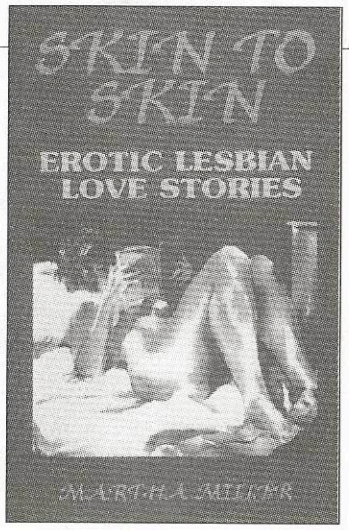
Good Vibrations Guide: Adult Videos The G-Spot

Cathy Winks
(Down There Press)

These two books pack plenty of information between their slim covers, with varying degrees of success. The G-Spot guide helped me find mine, but not before it thoroughly explained why I shouldn't worry about it. The point is to know thy body better, and this book certainly helped with that. It includes a helpful overview of the entire female genital anatomy; you can't help but feel more in touch with yourself after reading this.

After that, the adult video guide was a little bit of a let-down. It presents a good overview of the adult movie industry, past, present, and future, but in concrete terms of what to rent and what not to, the material's a little skimpy. Movie synopses basically recapitulate the Good Vibes catalog copy. And there aren't enough specific suggestions on films to look for in regards to specific stars or interests (natural bodies, older performers, depictions of female orgasm, etc.). Still, it's a good choice for the X-rated novice. **ls**

G-Spot
Adult Videos



Skin to Skin: Erotic Lesbian Love Stories

ed. Martha Miller
(New Victoria Publishers)

If you've given up hope of finding imperfect, realistic characters with sexual exploits you can relate to, try reading *Skin to Skin*. This collection of fine writing dips into the familiar with hot tales of blue-collar sensibilities, aging fuck-buddies and horny law students. Stories such as "The Best Sex Ever" and "Robin's Problem" link characters, allowing for strong thematic developments. "Life Signs" and "Tell Me About California," focus on dyke relationships so intensely romantic and seductive, sex becomes secondary. The plot lines are so enticing you'll actually be surprised when the fucking starts.

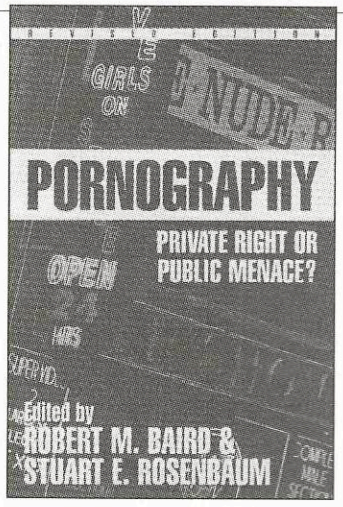
One objection I had was that a few of the stories featured heterosexual women who seemed to "dyke-out" only because they got screwed over by their husbands, or were merely experimenting rather than actually being queer. Also, there was very little exploration of counter-culture, SM communities, and edgier sexual practices. However, I'd be lying if I said I'm not satisfied. **yh**

Grade:

Pornography: Private Right or Public Menace?

Robert M. Baird and Stuart E. Rosenbaum, eds.
(Prometheus)

Where has all the porn debate gone? To the Net, clearly: the revised edition of this book boasts 80 new pages about electronic porn. Unfortunately, the highly technical language is so painful, the atrocities of Web censorship



sound benign in comparison. "Part Two: Feminist Perspectives" was not the book's strong suit, either. The two classics in this section, Steinem's "Erotica and Pornography" and Dworkin's "Against the Male Flood," come off as dated.

Others are startlingly good. In one, the author makes a strong argument that just as readers can be illiterate in French, they can be illiterate in pornography, too. Another essay contends that porn's degradation of women is not necessarily that: porno mags are the adult equivalent of fairy tales, he writes, and "in *some* sense, all fantasies *are* false." How true.

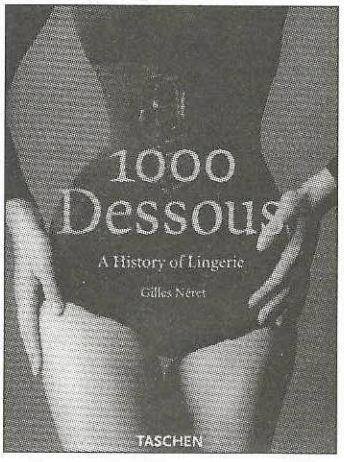
Brain-expanders such as these raise a million questions for lesbian porn (How "real" do we want our images in *On Our Backs* to be, for example?), even if lesbians are absent from these pages. **ad**

Grade:

1000 Dessous: A History of Lingerie

Gilles Neret
(Taschen)

This hefty collection of art is fun to leaf through, but despite divisions into such chapters as "Lingerie Through the Ages," "Lingerie in Film," and "Lingerie and Advertising," it's more a romp through history than a thorough examination of its purported subject. Still, the images themselves are fascinating, especially if you have an underwear fetish of any sort. Vintage photos from catalogs, erotic postcards, and brothel books share space with photographs by Eric Kroll, Elmer Batters, and Jeanloup Sieff. But definitely skip the odd and insulting introductory essay all about how lingerie is the most devastating weapon in a woman's erotic arsenal, a so-called Venus



A History of Lingerie's vintage dykes

Fly-trap for catching men. A picture is worth a thousand words, boys. And, fortunately, a thousand pictures eclipse the nonsense in the text. **ls**

Grade: 👄👄👄<

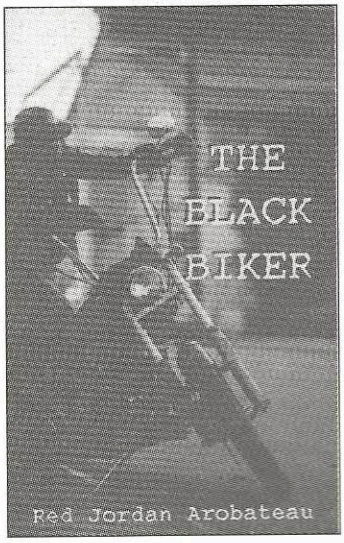
Danzine

(Teresa Dulce, publisher)

Six summers ago, my best friend begged me to join her as she stripped cross-country. I chickened out and about had to hear her exploits secondhand. If only we'd have heard of a 'zine called *Danzine*, "an exciting monthly for girls in the biz." Okay, so I might still have wimped out, but at least *she* could have skipped the lamest clubs.

A resource explicitly for dancers, models, and other women of the wee hours, each issue evaluates major lapdance spots around the country, complete with percentage tip-outs, shift length, and average intake a night. Every page is educational, from tax advice for tabledancers, to stripping conditions in Denver, to excellent advice on herpes ("love yourself and eat right"). There's even an article about dancing with braces ("men with really bad teeth always tip") and a column about how the U.S. legislative branches work. Very cool. And apparently Jerry Springer is a cheapskate—he reimbursed one stripper who lactated onstage for only half her missed wages. Ouch. **ad**

Grade: 👄👄👄👄



The Black Biker

Red Jordan Arobateau

(Rosebud)

At first, I was put off by Arobateau's fragmented and seemingly unedited writing style. *The Black Biker* represents the hardened biker-dyke life through segmented bar conversations and ungrounded episode sequences. The book overloads its characters with every familiar struggle pertaining to class, rage, age, and queerness. The supposed protagonist is not even the main focus of the book, while the other characters remain undeveloped. *Biker*, however, succeeds in providing us with the rugged realness of the butch aesthetic; the sex scenes, as well, are to be applauded, even though they are distant and disjointed due to their presentation as flashbacks and scraps of memory. If you can find beauty in grit and not be distracted by the word *dyke* being spelled "dike" throughout the book, then you may find this an engaging read. **yh**

Grade: 👄👄👄

Review Staff

ad Athena Douris
ls Lori Selke
yh Yetta Howard

Little Black Book

👄 Wash your hair instead.

👄👄 Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.

👄👄👄 One-night-stand material.

👄👄👄👄 Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.

👄👄👄👄👄 Better than sex.

Tristan Taormino presents:

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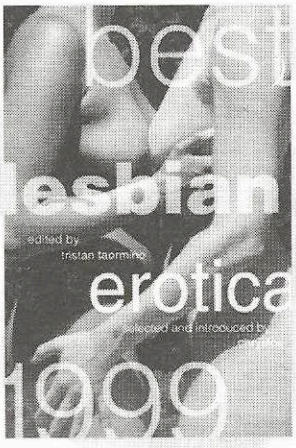
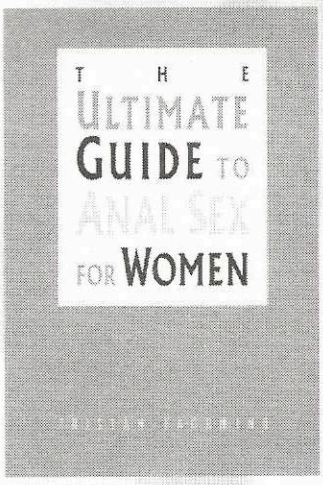


"these women are looking for the edge and they find it"

– Harvard Gay and Lesbian Review

Also from Tristan Taormino (a very busy woman)



"An essential how-to for beginners and a valuable reference for enthusiasts."

– Cathy Winks, co-author, *The New Good Vibrations Guide to Sex*

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SEXPLOITATION

The Home of Lesbo Prison Sluts

by Diane Anderson

I was young. It caught my attention. It was *Island of Lost Girls*—a terrible sexploitation movie about a group of women caught up in a "white slavery" ring in the "Orient." It might have been the first time I masturbated: I've been a fan of the genre since.

Any serious film critic will tell you these B movies are schlock (after watching *Invasion of the Girl Snatchers*, it's hard to disagree) but even one of America's most revered film critics, Roger Ebert, penned a sexploitation script himself (the horror/camp musical *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*). After you've watched *Blood Orgy of the She-Devils* a few times, you're bound to be hooked, too.

Ask the clerk at your local video store to point you toward the sexploitation films, however, and you're likely to find yourself in the vault, purveying flicks with clever titles such as *Beaverly Hills Cop* and *Romancing the Bone*. But sexploitation films—the softcore porn genre perfected in Europe—take a much subtler, comic approach to sexuality and plot development than typical adult films. There are subgenres of sexploitation, too, including my favorites: rural sexploiters (such as *Gator Bait*) and Eurotrash sci-fi (such as *Barbarella*). You'll just have to search the shelves harder to find them. Here are a few things to look for: lesbians, Nazi brothels, bimbos, lesbians, cheesy special effects, alien hookers, lesbians, and white slavers. You can also be safe by renting a video by Troma Distributors (the low-brow exploiters who gave us *Blondes Have More Guns*) or anything with the words *forbidden, obsession, illicit*, or *pussycat* in the title. *Pagan Island, The Perverted Countess, School Girl Hitchhikers, She-Mob*, and *Sisters in Leather* all offer incredibly randy lesbian sex scenes.

Some sexploitation flicks I fancy:

Maniac Nurses Find Ecstasy

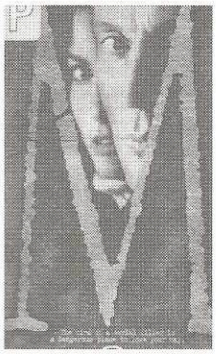
(Troma, 1996)

This nudity-filled, sick-chick flick was shot on location in Hungary, though the action rarely takes place outside the hospital-cum-asylum of the title characters. A group of cannibalistic and sadistic nurses (who happen to be man-hating feminists) run an operation that appears to be solely dedicated to engaging in lesbian sex acts. Of course there's always time for some man-killing (the girls have to eat, you know) and sadistic torture. A dominatrix runs the place. (Though, admittedly, her medical credentials are not evident in the film, and she wears camouflage a great deal.) The evil lesbian dominatrix's sole purpose is to keep the beautiful blonde Sabrina captive (and well-fed) so they can have sex. When Sabrina discovers that the dominatrix she's been reluctantly bedding is her own mother, well, all hell breaks loose. (The unrated version is not for the weak of heart.)

Grade: 👄👄👄

Profile for Murder

(Live, 1996)

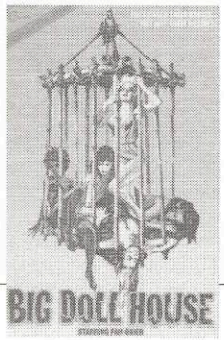


This little made-for-cable film features actress Joan Severence as a police psychiatrist who is performing a psychological evaluation of Lance Henriksen, the main suspect in a grisly murder (is there any other kind on TV?). Henriksen is creepily attractive (in a Hannibal Lecter sort of way) but the show's most interesting subplot is the effect Lecter, er, Henriksen, has on Severence's sexuality. A frigid lady cop whose recent heterosexual relationships have been disasters, Severence begins masturbating like crazy and fantasizing constantly about lesbians and lesbian sex. No men in her fantasies. No sir. Why Henriksen or a murder investigation has awakened her sexuality and brought about intense lesbian desires we'll never know, but I'm betting it has something to do with the Sapphic success of *Basic Instinct*. (Basically a knock-off, *Profile for Murder* even has a similar ending.)

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

The Big Doll House

(New Line, 1971)

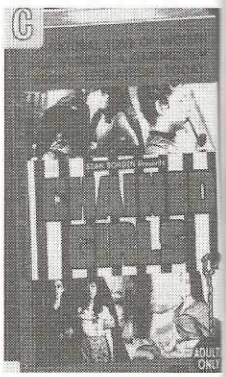


Hot blaxploitation star Pam Grier helped revitalize the women-in-prison genre with her role in this steamy Roger Corman drama. Filmed in the Philippines for only $125,000, *Doll House* features a racially diverse group of butch and femme women wrongly imprisoned in a penal colony run by a sadistic lesbian warden. The warden utilizes unorthodox torture methods (for example, reptiles). This is most likely due to her education in an "exotic" locale, rather than her lesbianism, though feminist film critics could easily argue that the snakes used to control the women represent heterosexuality. All I know is that the lesbian encounters are nicely forced, Grier is busting at the seams in every scene, and the only characters in the film are basically queers of some sort.

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

Chained Girls

(Movies Unlimited, 1965)



You'll never find this at your video store, so don't bother. But you can purchase it from a video distributor like Movie Magic. Your money will be well-spent. This sixties-era pseudo-docudrama looks at the "real" world of Sapphic desire in an attempt to uncover what lesbianism looked like in the New York of the day. The filmmakers "expose" lesbians cruising for partners (oh, goodness!), seducing other women (good lord!), tussling in catfights (yummy!), and initiating young women into the "super secret society" of the Daughters of Lesbos. Where was I?

Grade: 👄👄👄

Girls in Prison

(Buena Vista, 1997)

A modern noir film starring bisexual actress and America's favorite pixie, Anne Heche, it's hard to tell if *Girls* is mocking the women-in-prison genre or embracing it. A triptych that follows a young female songwriter wrongfully convicted of murder as she ventures into the big house, *Girls* finds Heche wanton, though disappointingly heterosexual. But fellow prison gal Ione Skye (of *Say Anything* fame) is a die-hard dyke even before prison. Skye appears in several nude scenes with another new lesbian recruit (African American actress Bahni Turpin), who she kisses passionately and embraces in the shower as other prisoners watch. Besides the nudity, the interracial mixing, and Skye as a dyke, the movie also boasts the best staple of the prison genre: catfights. Faster pussycat, thrill, thrill!

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

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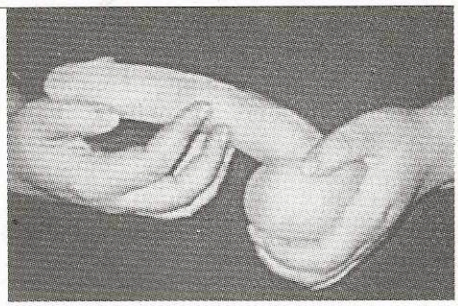


Cyberskin Dildo

(Xandria) $40

I am a die-hard (so to speak) silicone fan. I never thought I'd fall in love with anything else—until now. This dildo is made of something called "thermal plastic." I don't know what it is, but I know what I like. This toy has a firm core, yet its exterior is soft, yielding, and skin-like; the best of both worlds, as it were. And let's not talk about the eminently squeezable balls. It's unfortunate that in terms of color, we're more or less back to DOA Caucasian (though with delicate rose-hued detailing), and the name "cyberskin" is downright silly, but other than that, if it's a realistic dildo you want, this one can't be beat. **ls**

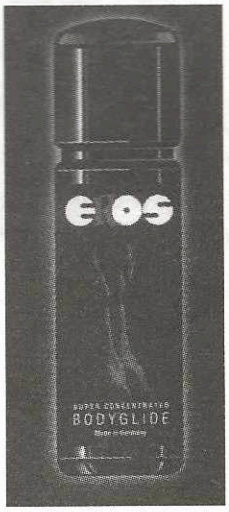
Grade:

Tickle Panties

(Lady Calston) $35

Essentially undies with a rubbery nubble that nuzzles your clit, a cord links this lingerie to a remote control that makes the nubble quake. Problem one—one size does not fit all. I went for a walk while wearing them; problem two—the cord snakes between your legs. So I wore them to a movie; problem three—on high, the buzzer is audible. On low? Carousel ponies move faster. I even donned them for dinner; problem four—if you're sitting across the table from your lover, you have to pilot the remote yourself. Also, they're hard to wash. **ks**

Rating:

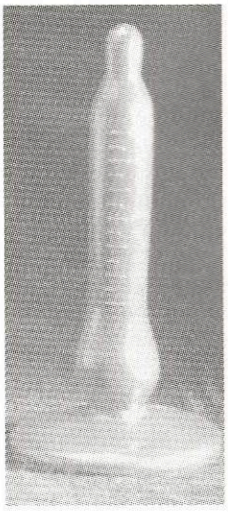


Eros Body Glide

(ASI) 30 ml bottle, $10, 100 ml bottle, $18

Simply put, this lube is fantastic. Truly tasteless and odorless, it feels like liquid velvet, never gets tacky or stringy, and lasts, well, at least into the next morning. Best of all, it warms to body temperature almost instantly—no more cold lube shock! Be warned, there are disadvantages: this stuff's NOT compatible with silicone toys. Also, since it's the first silicone lube ever, there haven't been any tests on its effects on the living. Plus it's expensive. But for girls who'll risk it, it's a worthwhile investment. **ls**

Grade:



Thermometer Butt Plug

(Vixen Creations) $25

I've never met a butt plug I didn't like. So it didn't matter that this little black plug is aimed at a fetish market to which I can't pretend to belong. I guess the thermometer shape is supposed to remind you of some illicit, infantile pleasure you got at the doctor's office. Whatever; it still did the trick. **hf**

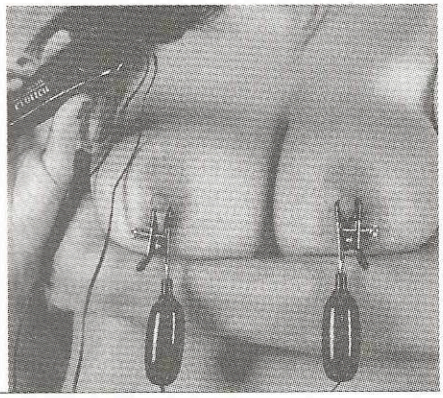
Grade:

Vibrating Nipple Clamps

(California Exotic Novelties) $60

More beautiful clamps I have never seen. Still, I didn't want to get on workman's comp, so I hung them off my ears first for a test drive. Goddamn, the vibrating-ear-canal phenomenon was so singularly satisfying, all my roommates had to try it. Next nipples: oh, heaven:—they *were* heavy, yet the adjustable prong meant they hung steadfast. And the enjoyment to my clit—I'm writing home. **ad**

Grade:



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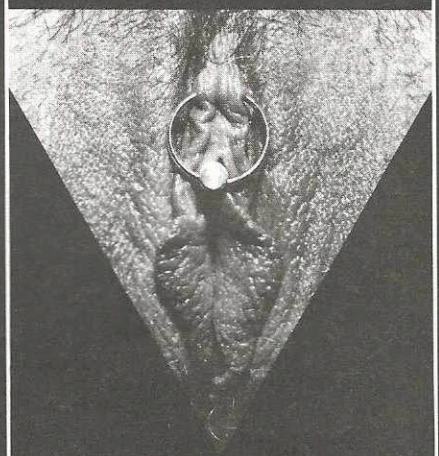

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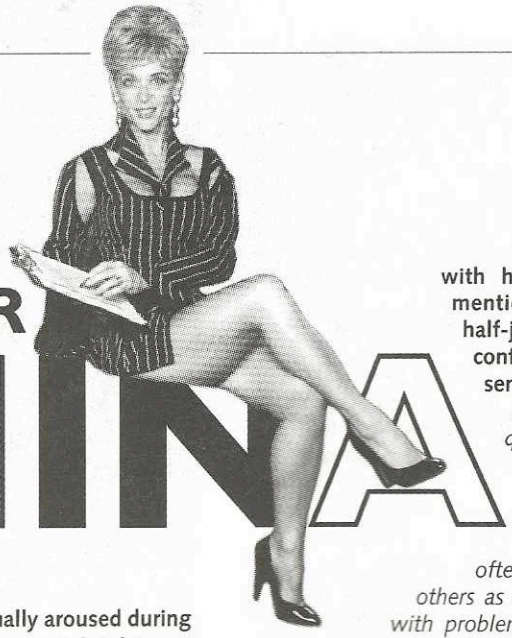


BLOOD LUST

I always feel the most sexually aroused during my period. STDs aside, how can I enjoy sex while menstruating?

Hmm, what comes to mind are sea sponges, diaphragms, latex sheets, sex in the shower, and sex outdoors. As a 1970s girl, the idea of sex while bleeding never bothered me. If part of the turn-on is letting the blood flow, the operation will be messy. If getting fucked is not necessary, just put in a diaphragm and seduce her. She'll never know!

TRANNIE HEARTBREAK

Help! My girlfriend wants to begin taking hormones in order to become a man. It's not that I'm transphobic, but I wouldn't feel comfortable having sex with her if she was a "he." Should I just break up with her?

You have a balancing act to do: managing the heartbreak of the loss of your lover while simultaneously helping a dear friend through a major transition. Whew! She has the right to her path, even when that path takes her away (in some ways) from you. Your decision: Can you find it in your heart to be there for a friend in need? Your sorrow at the loss of a lover will pass. Use that incredible emotion to access compassion for her on her journey to maleness. You will gain so much if you can adapt to change and still find the essential love between you. You don't have to throw away the love you shared, but it will have to change. Remember, she's not only losing a sex partner (though in the future, who knows?), she's changing her very identity. Can you really send her on that journey alone? Try to see it as a privilege to be there for such an intimate passage.

MAN HUNGRY

I have been in a committed lesbian relationship for five years. My best friend is a gay male whom I feel even closer to, emotionally, than my lover. On many occasions, I have thought about having sex with him. I have even mentioned it to him, half-jokingly. Should I confront him with this seriously?

Answer some questions first. How are you handling your emotional distance from your lover? We often start idealizing others as a way not to deal with problems at home. Until you resolve your relationship with your lover, any choice you make will be immature and irrational.

If you are serious about coming out as bi (therefore potentially nonmonogamous), your girlfriend will have to make her own decision to stay or go. After that is resolved, you can then re-examine your feelings for your male friend. By then, you may be able to incorporate him into your current situation, or you may be single and therefore able to enter into any sexual relationship you choose. Good luck!

TWO MANY TOPS

My lover and I both consider ourselves tops in bed— she likes to use dildos on me, and I like to use dildos on her. Neither of us like penetration. Can sex ever fulfill both of us?

Have you considered sharing a submissive? My other top girlfriends and I compromise by going the buddy route: sharing a willing recipient. Like het male friends, perhaps your affection for each other may best be expressed by using a woman between you. The sexy possibilities are truly endless. You'll be able to support each other's butchness/topness instead of one or both feeling inadequate or resentful.

NAME GAMES

I recently began dating a woman who has the same name as my sister. All is great with us, but during sex, I'll moan her name and it conjures up images of my sis. Ugh! I don't want to stop seeing her just because of her name. What should I do?

Give her a pet name and use that. If she ever brings it up, you can act sheepish and say, "You'll think it's silly." She may think your idiosyncrasy is sweet and romantic or she may not. In the meantime, why not use "darling," "sweetheart," "honey," "lover," and "dearest."

CHERRY ON TOP

I didn't realize that I loved women, but then I fell in love. My girlfriend and I are surprised but happy with each other. We want to have sex but it is our first time and we are not sure what to do. Do you have any suggestions?

My suggestion is to go slowly and savor every moment leading up to "the act." Neck, pet, find out what pleases the other. Take your time to start the fire. In the end, whatever is mutually pleasing is what you should do. It's all about showering love and tenderness on one another (even if it gets sweaty and intense). Congratulations!

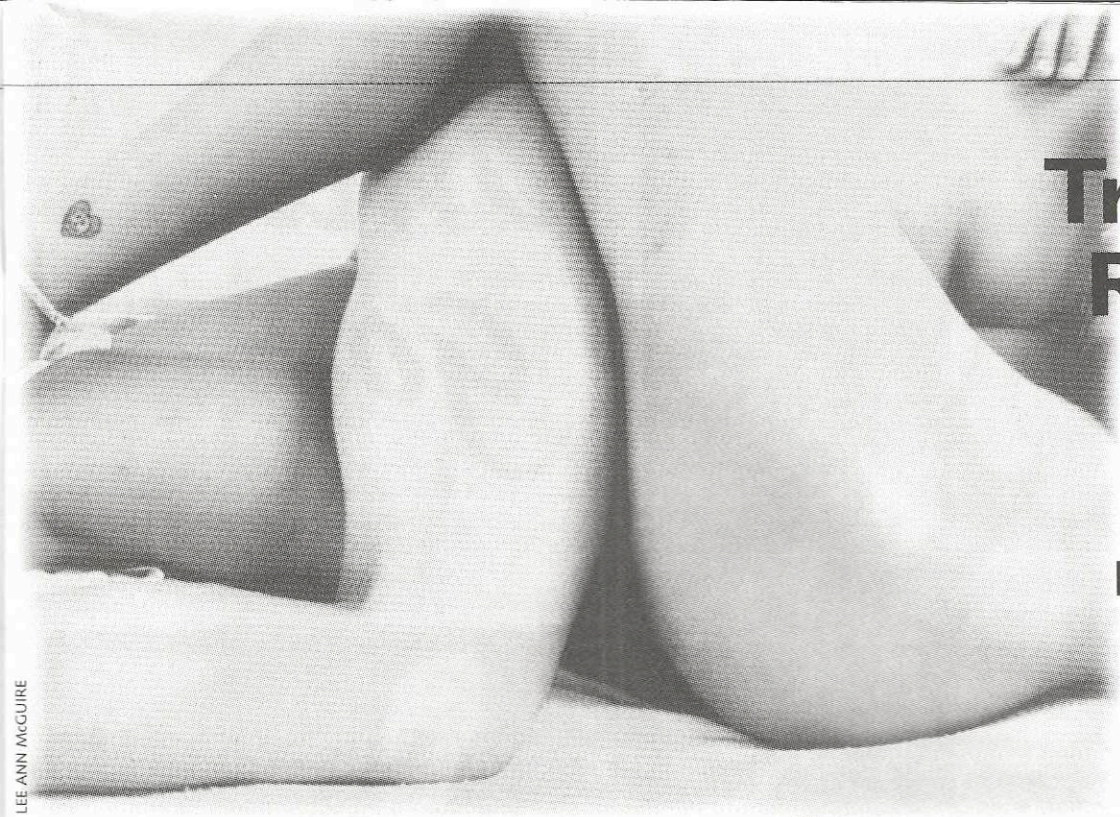
LEARNING TO GIVE

My new girlfriend wants me to fuck her fairly often. The thing is, my other girlfriends never asked for that. I'm a femme and even though I love getting it, I don't really know how to give it. And I feel bad about hurting her with a dildo or just being a clumsy fuck. We're monogamous, though, so there's no one else I can practice on. Do you have any advice?

It appears that you have two main issues to resolve:The first is your lack of skill and practical experience with dildos. If you're careful and attentive, you won't hurt her. If you tune in to her noises and movements, you'll even learn to be very good at pleasuring her with the "internal massage."

The other issue is potentially more problematic. Your essential nature (reinforced by habit) of being the receptive partner is at odds with her stated desire for a more active role from you. Since you're monogamous, you'll have to reach a compromise you can both live with or you'll both become frustrated and resentful. Without compromise, you'll end up breaking up or becoming miserable. Yuck. You'll need to go inside yourself to see if you're willing or able to expand and diversify your sexual self-image. Only you can determine if she's worth such an effort. Good luck.

Nina Hartley is a porno star and registered nurse. She's got the answers to all your problems: just fax or mail your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com



LEE ANN McGUIRE

how to Tribadism: Rub Your Way to Orgasm

by JoAnn Loulan

There are ancient rites of rubbing on stones for good luck, and there are ancient rites of rubbing for muscle relaxation and healing. It is high time we gave due love and attention to the ancient rite of rubbing thigh unto thigh. It's called tribadism when you actually rub so that there is contact of the clitoris, labia, and general yoniville and another woman's leg, thigh, arm, hip—in general any body part that isn't a tongue, mouth, or finger (those delicious art forms have their own terms).

So the deal is that women-loving-women used to be called 'tribades' in honor of this way of making love. In fact, Sappho wrote about rubbing clits in some of the fragmented poetry left from those ancient Greek times. Could rubbing clitties be the oldest form of lesbian love? Who knows, but it sure feels good.

1. **Let the play begin.** Rubbing is a wonderful way to start sexual play. It's good for women who are afraid of having something inside their vagina.It's a sweet treat for those looking for new things to do. It's also a great way to reintroduce sex for women who have been away from it for a while. It's non-threatening and feels good, too. Wow—two-two-two treats in one!

2. **Spread 'em.** Spread those two sets of legs and do the scissors with them—move them far enough apart so your girl can get her spread legs intertwined with yours. Okay, move your 'gina in close to her leg/thigh/kneecap/whatever and get some clitoral contact.

3. **Sliding.** Get some lubrication on the legs doing the rubbing—vegetable oil, massage oil, or vaginal juices—just so the friction is at your clit, not your leg skin. One advantage here is that you can spread your juices in a way that feels good to both and won't spread any negative germ vibes.

4. **Pull your clitty out.** For more intense feeling, reach down, spread your pussy lips, and pull your fur up, so your clit is closer to slickness. There—that feels good, huh? Tilt your hips forward so you can keep contact with her. Sometimes our clits need to be free!

5. **Touching for fun.** Now, start doing the hump; you'll feel the friction start to build in a way that feels good. Keep rubbing back and forth between the two of you—one of the ways to deal with lesbian merging in a positive way.

6. **Get the lips moving.** Make sure you and your partner are talking during all of this so that your positioning—which is key—is right. Sometimes stomachs get in the way, sometimes thighs are rubbing, not yonis. Pay attention and let each other know what is going on.

7. **Rub and learn.** You get to see what kind of stim feels good to your partner and vice versa. You can actually see it and feel it. Talk about positive reinforcement!

8. **Cooking with vaginal drippings.** Rub those visible and smellable juices on the thigh, leg, knee, etc. This is especially wonderful for women who have a hard time with the smell or taste of vaginal juices. Get used to the smell by spreading it on another body part. I love the way that menstrual blood spreads, as well. You can really make an art project on someone's thigh, stomach, leg, or wherever.

9. **Get to the clit.** Put your finger in between your tangle of legs so that the clit gets more direct action. Get your vibrator in on the act if you want to. Adjust the pressure on the clit so it suits your partner. Be sure to tell each other how to make that happen.

10. **Spasm into orgasm.** You can keep that motion going until the clitoris feels so good it wants to spasm in a way that says—orgasm. Rubbing each other is such animal energy—are you inspired to try something else now?

Don't

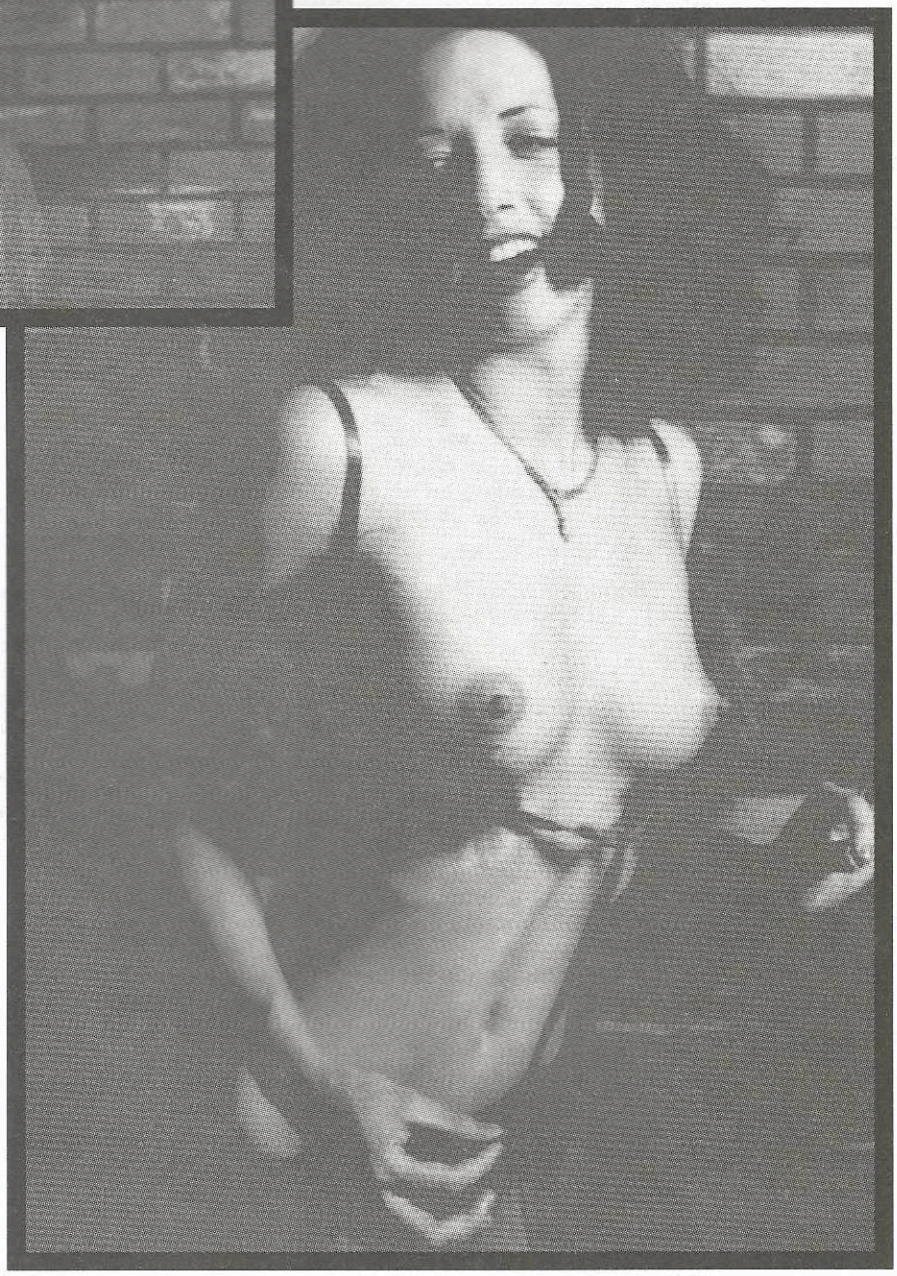
...always expect orgasm. Direct connection isn't always possible with different kinds of bodies or flexibility. Rubbing can be a way of simply getting things going.

...give up after one time. Coming from this kind of friction takes practice, just like any new way of orgasming.

...forget about STDs. Get tested, and talk with her about her body,.

Jo Ann Loulan is a renowned psychotherapist and author of *Lesbian Sex, Lesbian Passion,* and *The Lesbian Erotic Dance.*

Omi God!



VITAL STATS

NAME: Miss Omi

AGE: 24

LOCATION: Originally from New York, now residing in San Francisco.

STATUS: "Availability depends on the weather."

FAVORITE WORD: "Glamorous."

HOBBIES: Learning Japanese, studying to be a flight attendant, and practicing her circus act.

ON HER AERIALIST ACT: "I love rope. When I was a little kid, I loved to tie knots, tie myself up, tie other people up. The first time I saw the performers at the circus on the Spanish Web, I fell in love. It's like a ballet in the air. It was just amazing. I knew I had to learn it, too."

WHAT SHE LIKES: "All types of girls. I'm a real sucker for pretty girls right now. That's new."

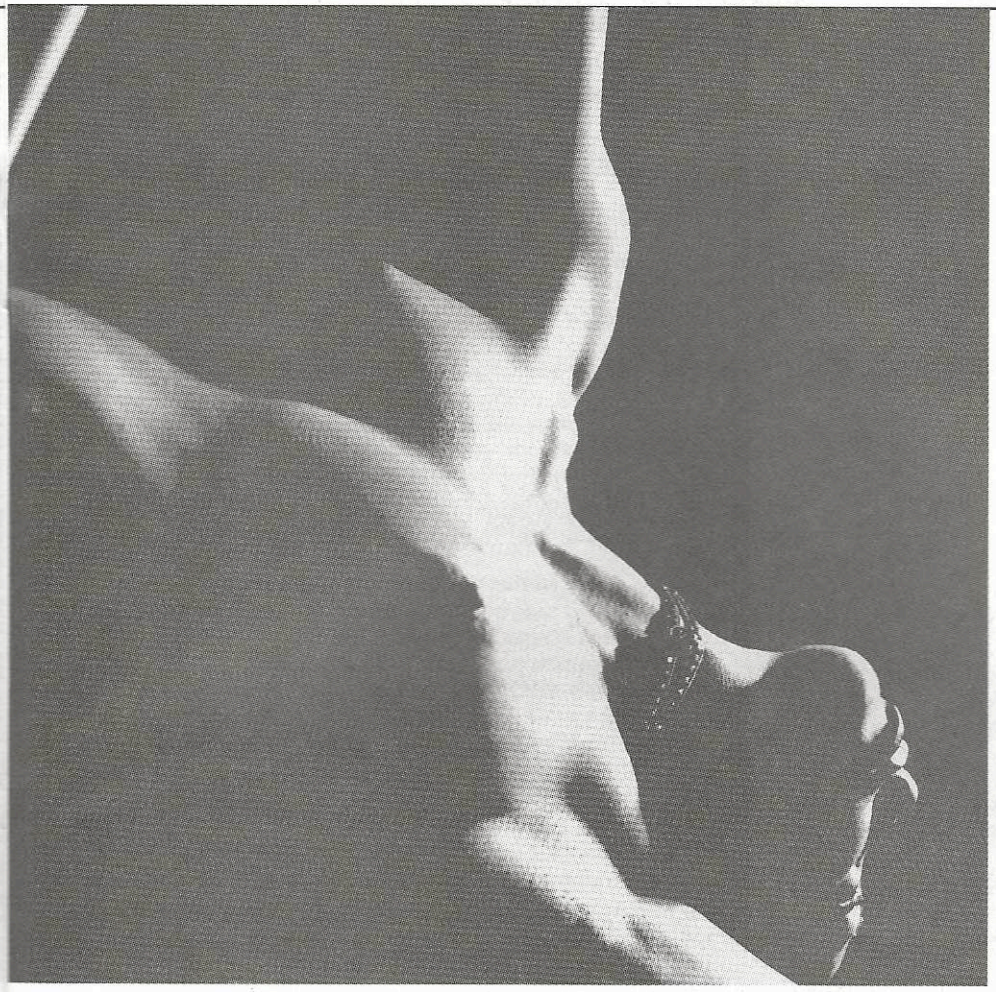
FAVORITE FANTASY: "Lots of naked people on the beach, far away. I kept thinking of that all through the shoot. That beach! Those people!"

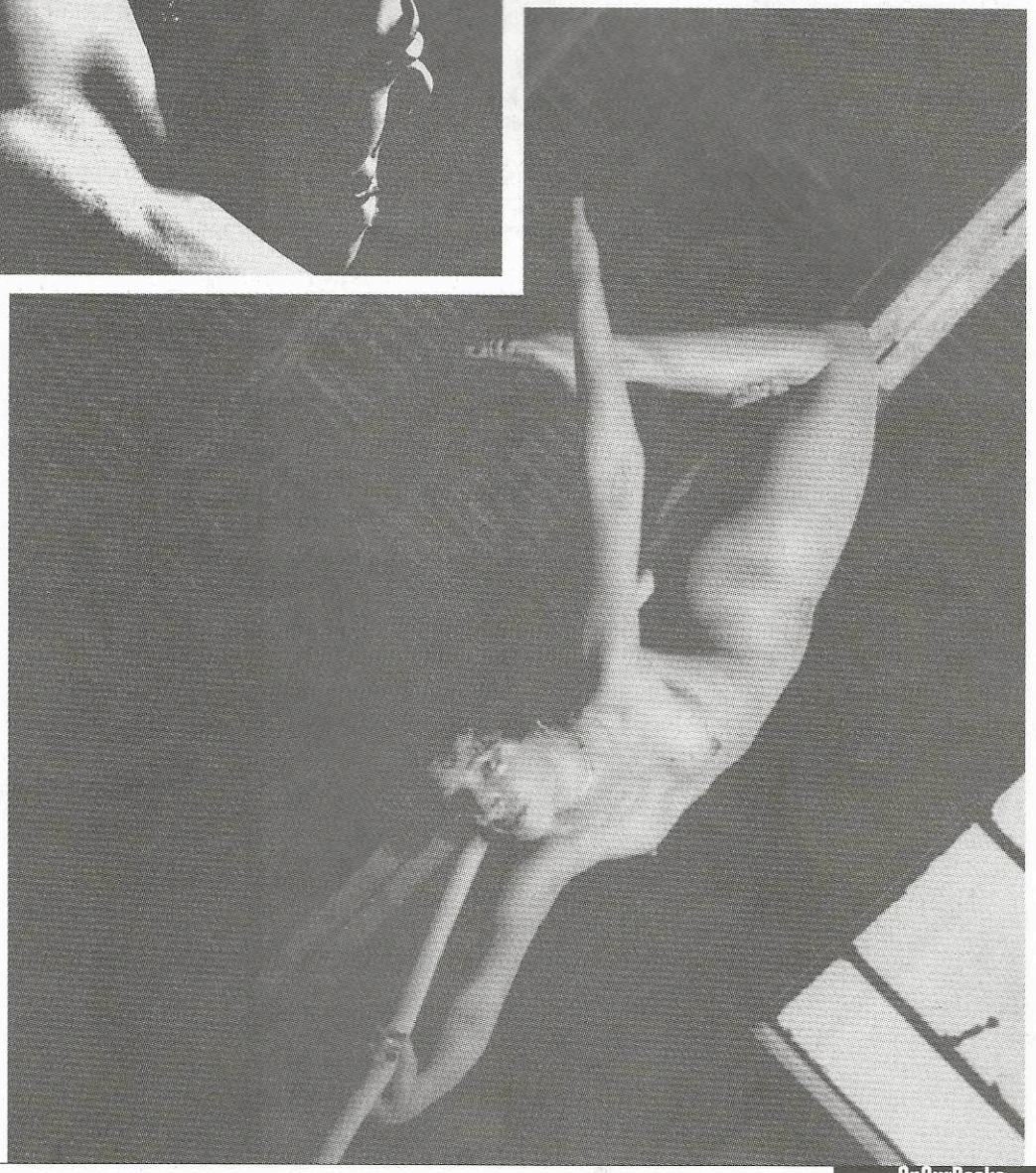
GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT: "I went to an all-girl school, Mills College. You know how *Playboy* does those college-girl photo spreads? I feel ripped-off because I didn't get to be Playmate of the Year for Mills College."

QUOTE: "Don't forget to say I'm funny, silly—sometimes disastrously so."

-Is

Photography by Erica Mainshine





the on our backs interview

JOAN NESTLE

INTERVIEW BY ATHENA DOURIS

Joan Nestle is a lesbian national treasure. A Jewish, working-class femme born in 1940, Nestle came out in the 1950s, marched for gay rights in the 1960s, and cofounded the Lesbian Herstory Archives in 1973. For the next 20 years—until they finally found a three-story home—Nestle housed the archives in her apartment. At Nestle's behest, the archives accepted controversial sex documents—including the papers of Samois, the first national public lesbian SM organization.

Nestle was one of the speakers at the Barnard Conference of 1984, a conference (which later produced an anthology entitled *Pleasure and Danger*) that both sparked the sex wars of the 1980's and ushered in the "pro-sex" culture we take for granted today.

Nestle wrote *A Restricted Country* and edited *The Persistent Desire: A Butch Femme Reader.* She holds a special place in the hearts of femmes: she espoused butch- femme history and politics during a period when both identities were considered patriarchal.

Last year, when Nestle found herself in need of $5,000 to pay her chemotherapy bill, she mailed out a prospectus for a new work. Cleis Press was the only publisher to answer; they published *A Fragile Union* in November, almost 20 years after her last work.

On Our Backs: In *A Fragile Union,* you talk about lovers 9, 13, and 20 years younger than you.

Joan Nestle: I'm almost 60, and my present lover is 46. I can't say I don't have concerns about it, because I do. To me 60s and 40s is a very big difference. But it's not just that I'm 58; it's that I have cancer. It's not just that my body is 12 years older; it also carries its own mortality in such a marked way. It makes the sexual play in some ways even more powerful than it's ever been in my entire life, and more poignant.

With my younger lover it's not that I feel that I'm teaching her. It's more that in a

way I'm showing her the possibilities of her own future. My present lover is a femme woman.

On Our Backs: You write about your femme lover in your book. Do you recommend femme lovers for femmes? Has it been healing for you?

Nestle: I'm at the point where I know I can't talk for all femmes. As I get older it all gets more personal for me. If it makes sense to anyone, I'm glad. It started out, butch women were the bridge to my own sense of beauty. It was butch women who said, "Joan, you're a beautiful woman"—a statement I've never believed. But they gave me the gift of myself.

It isn't just that my new lover Diane is a femme woman—she's also a larger woman. The first time I set out to make love to her—I was so nervous, it was like starting all over again. Believe me, I understood what performance anxiety was about. Because she had been with butch women, too. I was afraid I wouldn't be enough for her.

The first time I held her in my arms it was like everything just stopped. She didn't feel fat, she didn't feel ugly. (pause) She felt so beautiful to me. For the first time I understood what my butch lovers had held in their arms when they held me. I felt something of value.

That may come as a surprise. How can I put this? There are so many levels on which we have sex. There are so many different experiences of self-acceptance or self rejection that go on, at the same time. I guess I had never realized, in my whore self and in my femme fatale self (well, I consider myself a low femme, so I was never a femme fatale) that such a dissonance still existed. I didn't realize such self-hatred still existed between me and my body. And I couldn't rely on the butch adoring me to give me back myself. No, I had to find myself. I don't make love to my femme lover as a butch. I've discovered another position; I'm not quite sure what it is. We engage in some wonderful fantasies.

On Our Backs: Can you give me an example?

Nestle: Wait till she sees this in print! For example, we were having dinner in my apartment, and she wears short skirts. I as a femme have never worn a short skirt; I just don't feel comfortable in my body that way. She came to dinner and she just did this thing: She lifted her leg so her skirt rode up, and put it on the edge of the chair, and she wasn't wearing any underpants. Now, I've played with all kinds of things, but never like this. Because butch women wouldn't do that. I have taken cocks out of [women's] pants—but this was a woman doing this to me. And I almost fell off the chair. I mean, I've played with others, but no one had ever played with me.

For a brief time, I took money for sex from women. I also worked in prostitutes' rights. Being a whore is more than a fantasy—it's a resonance, it's something that's always present in my sexuality. And she reversed it on me.

On Our Backs: Our sex culture grew out of a political organization that didn't have room for sex. After Matthew Shepard's death, I worry that our sex culture doesn't have the means or the organization for any political movement. What can we do about this?

Nestle: First, I just want to say that *On Our Backs* is political work, even though it seems to be cultural work. But cultural work is political work when it's about taboo, or when it's about any area of shame. Shame is a great controller of a people's dreams. And when you take on that shame, you're freeing people up for political struggle.

You know the pendulum has gone many swings. Now I think we're in a position to really combine these two movements: the fierceness and the political savvy (and I hope, not the mistakes) of the women's liberation movement of the 70s and the queer-culture movement. And yours is the generation that can do that. It can start with a mailing list of 20 sex radicals, forming a group, "Sex Radicals for the End of Violence Against Gay People."

I think that what we did as sexual writers was a political act in itself in the beginning, but now I think everything has moved up a notch. I'll put it this way: I no longer trust some of the largest gay organizations, such as the Human Rights Campaign. I think that new political voices coming out of the queer sex radical world—such as Leslie Feinberg's—are incorporating the insights of feminism that work and can be tremendously powerful. And we're going to need tremendously powerful voices, because of the forces on the other side.

On Our Backs: Do you think that things are better now for femmes than they were ten years ago?

Nestle: More and more femmes are announcing themselves, and there's a kind of joy in these femmes. At the same time, we're living in a time when lesbian masculinity is tremendously popular, more so now than ever.

One of the goals of my work was to destroy myths about femmes. Femmes come up to me and say they consider me their mother. But I'm always a little sad that femme women need someone to give them permission. Femmes need to do a lot more work—finding the language, the political positions, the thinking that is unique to us, separate from butches. For instance, butch women have soft [butch], stone [butch]. I'd like to see those different levels for femmes.

There was a time in my life when I didn't consider myself a femme unless I was on the arm of a butch. Now I know that I have a whole world I carry with me. It's there to share with another person, another butch, if I choose to share it.

"Femmes come up to me and say they consider me their mother. But I'm always a little sad that femme women needed someone to give them permission."

On Our Backs: The few femme-femme spreads we have done at *On Our Backs* have been the most unpopular. Do you have any ideas of how we can showcase femmes?

Nestle: I think deeper analysis would be interesting. I wonder if it's just reminding the viewer too much of straight porn. Could we present femme-femme in a way that doesn't bring up those resonances? I remember looking at *Nothing But the Girl* with Jill Posener. Susie Bright couldn't be there for some reason, so I was the femme stand-in. I remember looking at the book and I saw there wasn't a femme chapter. And I asked Jill Posener about it and she said to me—and this I will never forget—"Because a femme by herself is not subversive enough. She's just a woman." I'll never forget that. As for a femme-femme spread in *On Our Backs*.Maybe an older femme and a younger femme, with something that marked them as femme. Maybe some kind of teacher-and-student scenario. That would upset a lot of people!

On Our Backs: You write that, after having to face surgery for cancer, you made a promise to "never again betray myself." Would you mind sharing the story of one time you betrayed yourself?

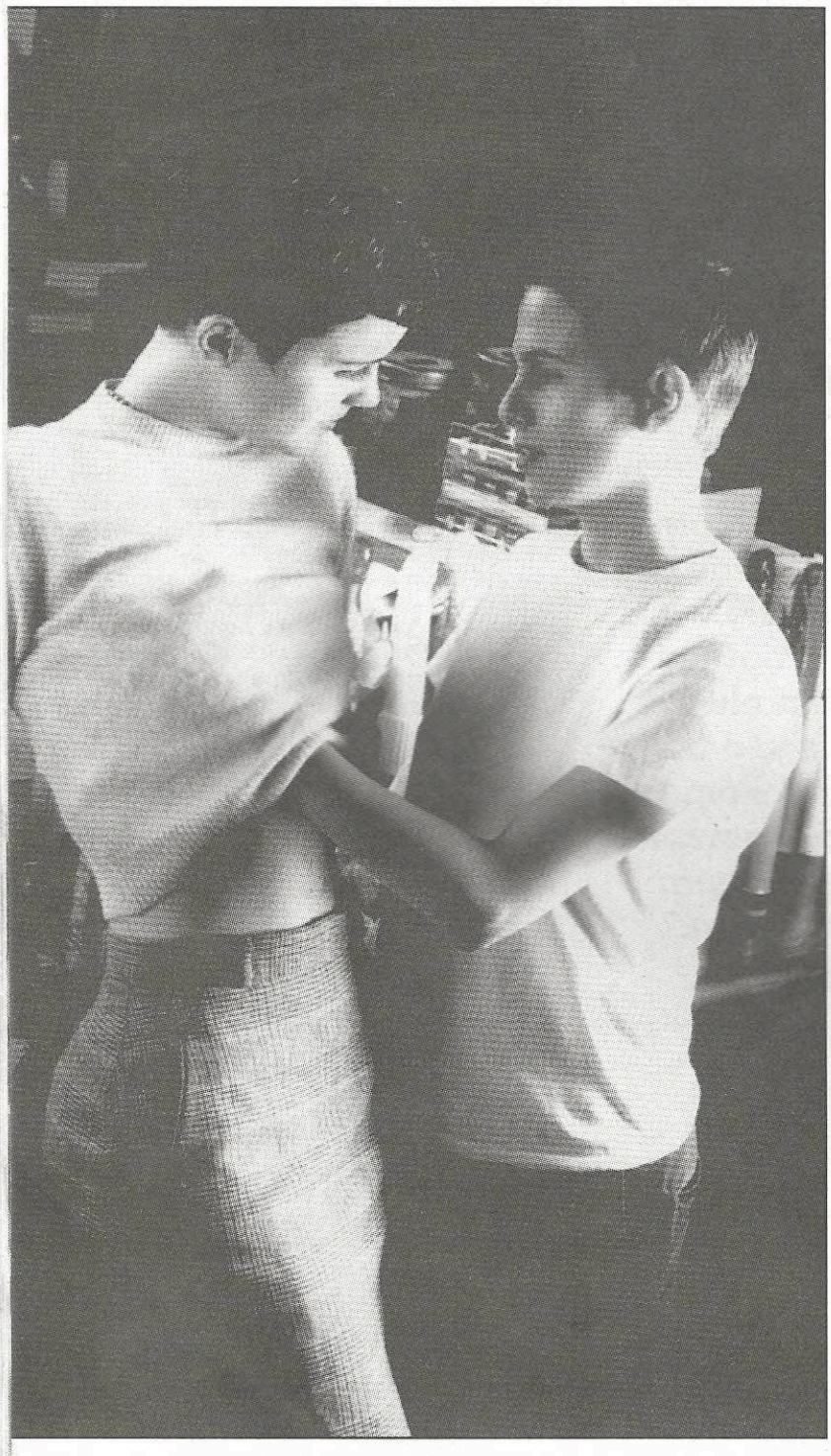
Nestle: I have always been searching for butch women who would allow themselves to penetrate another woman. In the old days, penetration was taboo; lesbians wouldn't do it. Some of the things I've written have celebrated my great hunger for penetration. The flip side of that, from time to time, has been too much self-sacrifice. I prolonged a relationship in which it was clear that "it" no longer existed. I couldn't stop the rush of need to really think about what was good for me.

Maybe I'm talking about femme loneliness. The lover of mine that I lost—the manner in which she left was harsh. She was driven by her passion, which I can understand. Being alone is not the worst thing in the world for a femme. But not taking care of oneself is. I'm not talking about self-indulgence. I'm talking about *survival*.

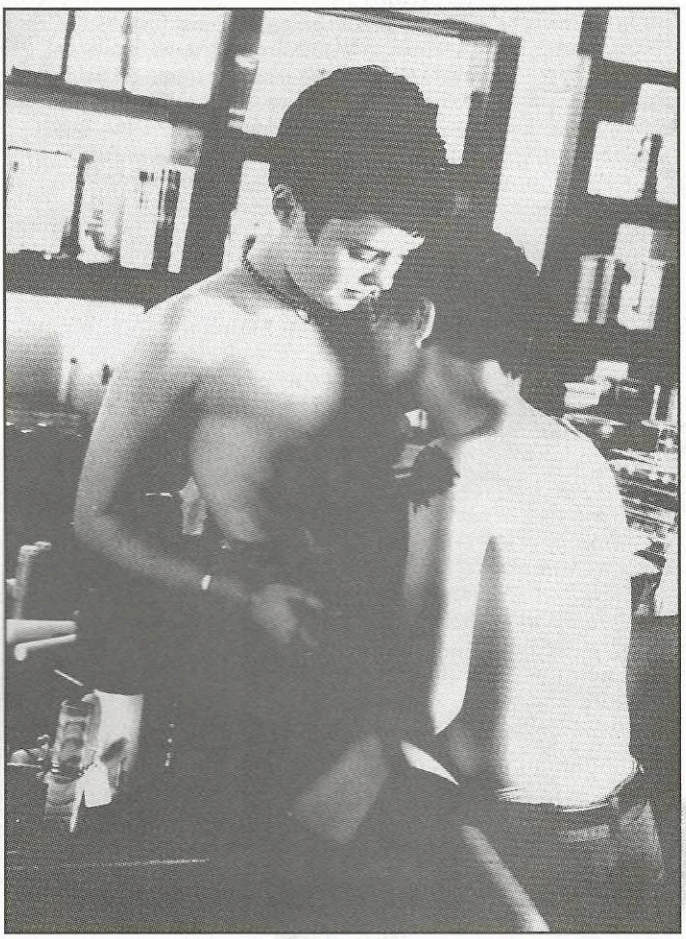
SASKIN SCHEFFER ©1998

Sex Store Nookie

A sex-store clerk helps a customer find exactly what she's looking for



Jocelyn:
I moved to New York in mid-January and still didn't know anyone by Valentine's Day. I was feeling blue, so I went for a walk and ended up in front of this hip, new sex-toy shop. I saw rows of dildos and vibrators through the curtains, but what really caught my eye was the clerk. She was this amazing-looking woman with a short, butchy haircut—definitely the best-looking thing I'd seen since I left San Francisco.

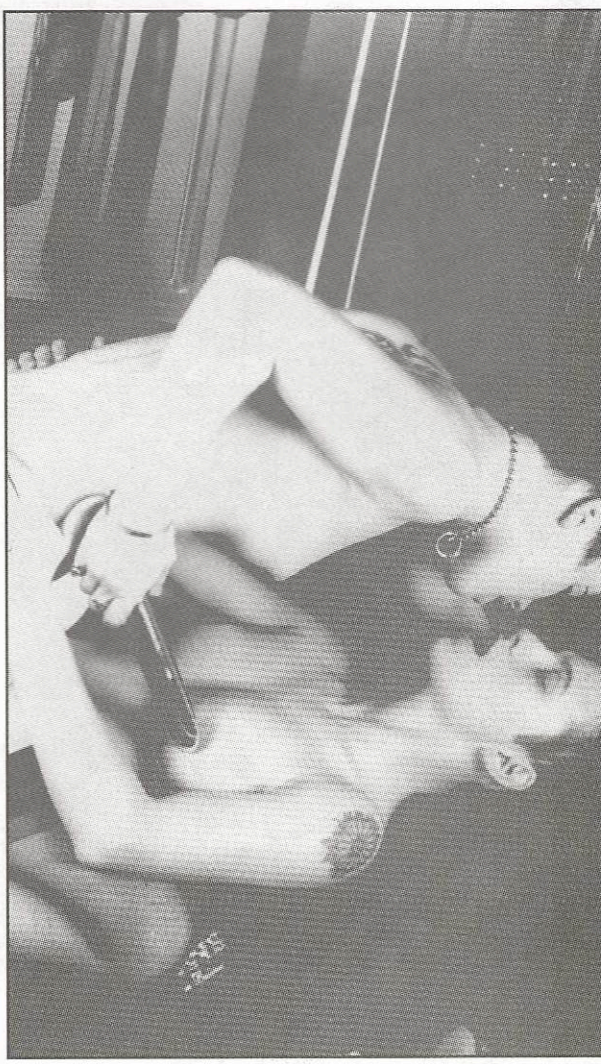


Ann:
I was feeling pretty down myself. Ordinarily, this is the sweetest job in the world, but here it was Valentine's Day, and I was at work, dateless, selling lube to lovers. I was getting ready to close up when this sweet, sexy femme shows up, looking for her first vibrator. Or so she said.

Photography by Michele Serchuk

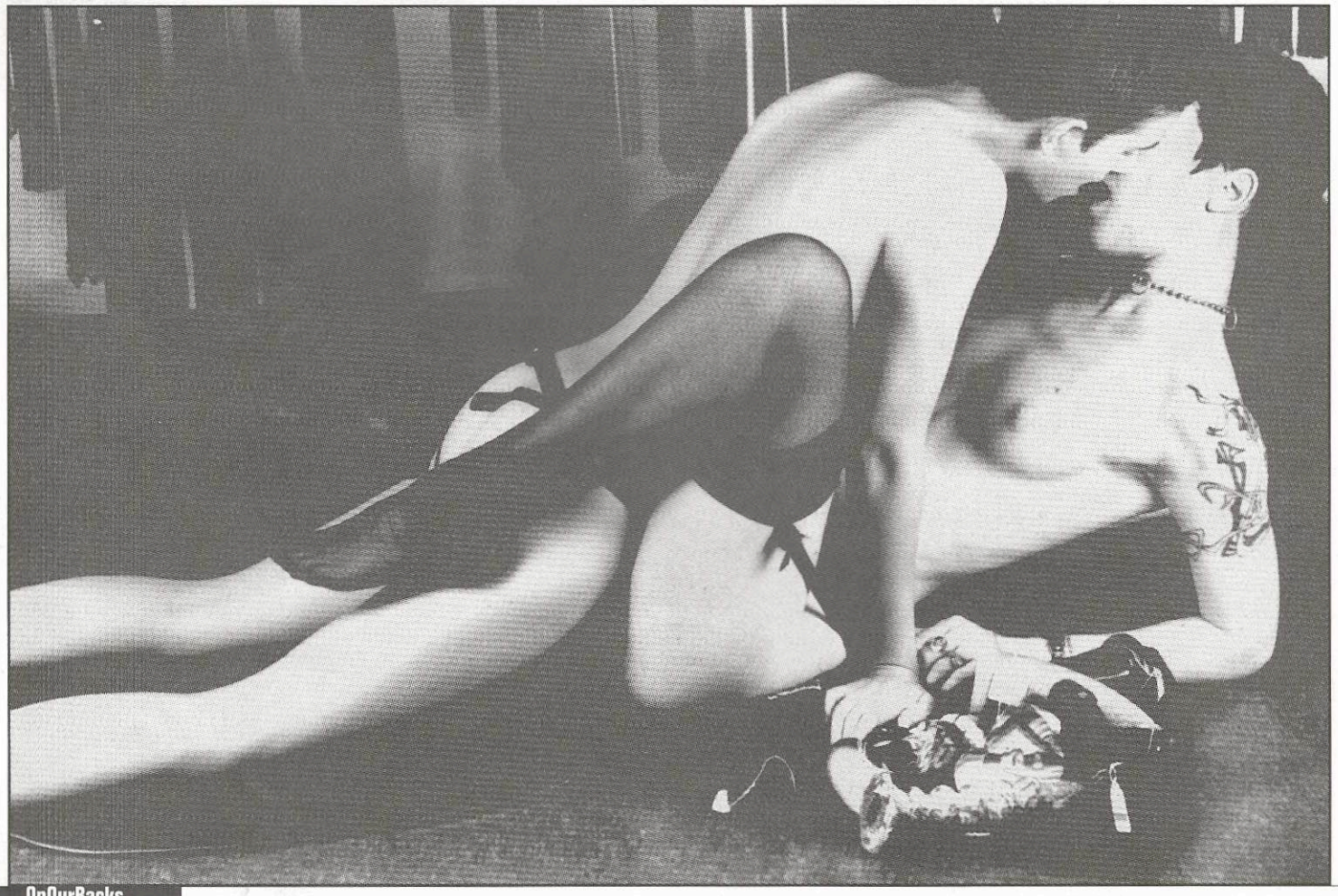
Ann:
I began demonstrating vibrators in the palm of her hand. She grinned and looked me straight in the eye—she thanked me but said that she couldn't tell anything testing them that way. So, holding eye contact with her, I lifted her fuzzy pink sweater and held the buzzing vibe against her breast. She liked that. Next thing I knew, we were kissing and trying all different kinds of vibrators in all different kinds of places.

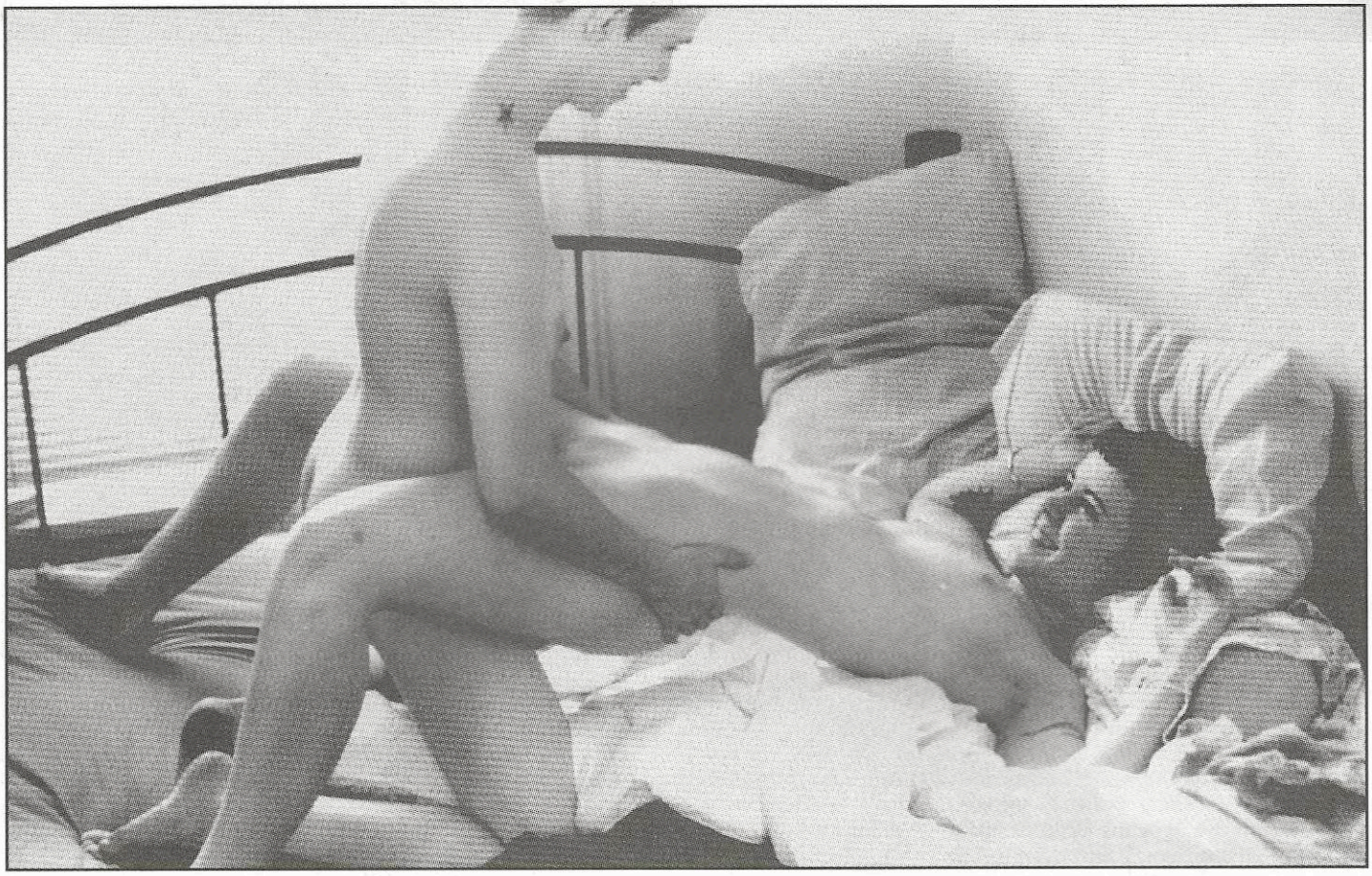
Jocelyn:
Ann looked just as good up close as she did through the window. She was wearing men's cologne, and I thought I detected just the faintest bulge in her trousers, like maybe she was packing. I slowly made my way over to the vibrators. I pretended I had never used one before, and I asked for some assistance.



OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

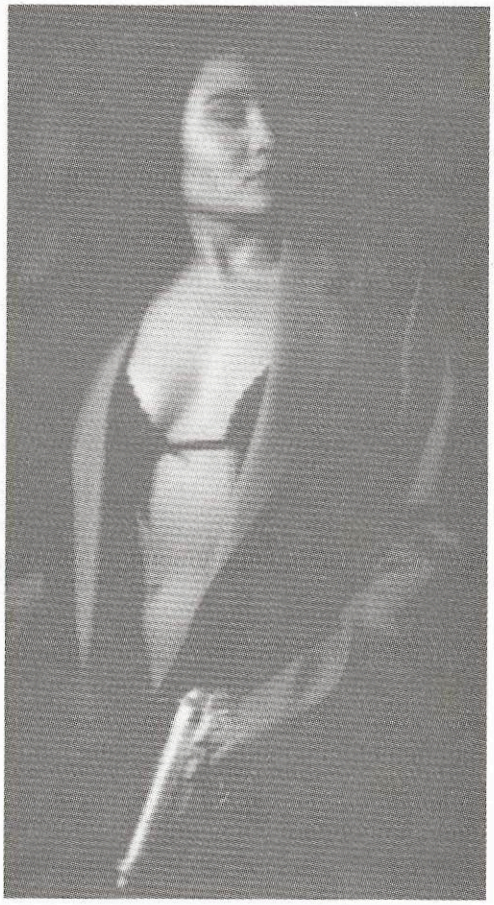
Jocelyn:
We had the time of our lives, giggling and kissing and fucking next to all these piles of sex toys. Around 2 a.m. we fell asleep curled up under a rack of pretty suede lashes. I remember waking suddenly with the sun peeping through the back window.
We went back to my place for some breakfast, but the bed looked really inviting after that hard floor. Without a second thought, we skipped the cereal and slid back into each other's arms for some slow, lazy, morning-after sex. And I fell asleep thinking about all the fun we could have with a well-stocked toy chest during a cold New York spring. –M.S.





DANGEROUS LIAISONS

WOULD YOU ENJOY FUCKING YOUR LOVER WITH A LOADED GUN OR PRETENDING SHE WAS A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD? YOU MIGHT NOT, BUT SOME DYKES LIVE FOR IT. By Athena Douris



Edge play: That's the name for extremely dangerous and very politically incorrect sex. It's a term coined by the SM community, but not limited to it. Some edge players belong to SM organizations, others do not.

What these women do have in common is that they get aroused by breaking significant cultural taboos. One woman, Deborah Addington, puts her partner in rosary bondage and fucks her with a rolled-up leather Bible. ("If religion is going to fuck me, it's going to be with a Bible dildo," she explained.) That same woman uses an alcohol solution to set her girlfriend's pussy on fire—"The kind of burning bush," she says, "Moses never had in mind."

It would be easy enough to say that dykes who do edge play are simply acting upon their unique desires, and leave it at that. The perverts can sit over there; the rest of us will be right over here, thank you very much. That's the traditional, liberal-feminist argument: "Let them do what they want, so long as they don't hurt anyone."

But some edge players get off on the possibility, even small, that someone *might* get hurt. Blood play, for example, can cause accidents, injury, and even death. For that reason, we ask you to remember that this story is not a how-to. It's an exposé on a handful of outlaw queer women—most of whom are highly trained and skilled at their art—who like to gallop on the wild side. Don't, in other words, try this at home.

BREATHLESS

"It didn't start out as choking; it started out as being held down," says Fea, 23.* Fea was choked by her first girlfriend when she was 16. All her girlfriends since then—four of them—have choked her. Some of them she has strangled in turn. On none of the occasions did she negotiate a scene, or arrange for the use of safe words. Neither Fea nor any of her girlfriends have had any training in breath play.

"I like that feeling of being possessed, of being controlled," says Fea. "There's something about looking into the eyes of the person who's choking me that makes me feel powerful. I think, 'This is what you're doing. Do you see yourself reflected in my eyes?' It's almost as if I'm laughing at them."

Fea has been strangled to the point where it hurts, it's hard to swallow, and she says, "stop." She has not been able to trust someone enough to allow her to choke her into unconsciousness, but she would like to, and sees that in her future.

Debbie Ann, 37, says she likes being choked until she passes out. She says the sexual pleasure it brings is "not a physical orgasm—it's more an emotional one. I like the feeling of helplessness." Debbie Ann has played with persons who are trained in how to most safely strangle another person, but she herself is not.

Is she afraid of dying? "Not really, no more than I'm afraid of getting in a car accident," explains Debbie Ann. "I'm willing to take the risk that it might not work." As for precautions, Debbie Ann has only one. "You'd better hope your partner is not too closeted or concerned with what people think to call 911 if she needs to."

A FETISH FOR FAGS

"Gay men give me a boner" says Jill Nagle, 34. "Being with men who are mostly gay is an edge play, because they don't know what to do with a woman. I'm a novelty to them."

Nagle hasn't dated a straight man since 1986. "The short version is, queer men tend to have cleaner buttholes." The longer version: "Gay men tend to be off-script when it comes to [sex-role] patterns. Unlike straight men, they're aware of what it's like to be a sex object. They appreciate my queerness."

Nagle says the best way to approach a gay man is at a sex club. "For some gay men, it's not that they have no attraction to women at all, it's just that they're acculturated into gay-male sexuality. If a woman is in front of them with a fist up her pussy and screaming, she looks more available than the woman on the street in pumps and hose." Nagle says she became accepted by gay men at sex parties "because I acted like a fag. I just joined in."

Playing with gay men has its own risks: almost all of the queer men Nagle has slept with recently are HIV positive. In fact, a man she had

*Not her real name

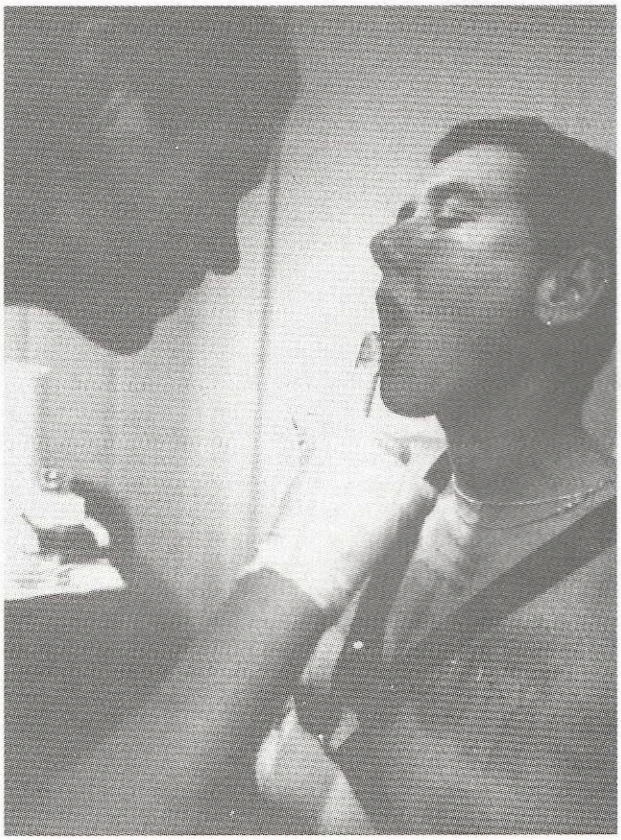


PHOTO ON LEFT BY GEORGE METIVIER / ABOVE LEFT BY TALA BRANDEIS / ABOVE RIGHT BY TREVOR BAKER

a relationship with for six months was HIV positive. "I feel I'm being as safe as I possibly could be," says Nagle. "Of course, condoms break. Making sure there is no air in the condom, and using plenty of lube, greatly reduces that risk. I had some anxiety once when someone pulled out of me and left the condom inside me after he came. I had some panic. I thought, 'If I've got it, I've got it.' In the future, we used a rubber-band around the rubber."

FAIL-SAFE

Safe words are safety valves: Most SM players agree upon a certain word that, if said by either player, will immediately halt the scene, no questions asked. Both women's and men's SM groups espouse the motto that real SM is "Safe, Sane, and Consensual," and safe words fulfill that promise. By most, they're considered *de riguer*. But not to everybody.

"I often don't play with safe words," says Debbie Ann. "I think it's connected to my fantasy of being a kid, when you didn't have safe words." So far, none of her play partners has had a problem using no safe words. Has that ever put her in a dangerous situation? No, not really: "If I play with someone and I really don't like it, I just don't play with them again."

"I don't use safe words anymore," echoes Wickie Stamps, 48. "I've done most forms of SM. I've done it, but I've never really liked it because it has rules. 'Safe, Sane, Consensual'—it's like making jazz fit [the form] of classical music."

Stamps likes to play without negotiating beforehand, as well. "A lover of mine leaned over and spit into my coffee—she knew that would get a rise out of me. That weekend, we were at a leather bar and she shoved me. I shoved her back. We weren't using safe words, we didn't negotiate." Still, says Stamps, "She leaned me over and fucked me in the bathroom after that."

BLOOD SISTERS

"I've been a vampire my whole life," says Deborah Addington, 33. Her definition of a vampire is someone who "consumes human blood to satisfy a real or perceived need for that substance." Addington has been drinking blood as long as she can remember: her earliest memory was drinking her own blood when she was three. She's also phototrypic—sunlight gives her a headache—and she is "naturally nocturnal." She says that she doesn't sleep in a coffin, but would if they came king-size, with waterbeds.

Nowadays, Addington and her play partner "feed" on each other. They're "fluid bonded" (i.e., they have both been tested for STDs, and don't exchange bodily fluids with other people). Her partner is needle-phobic, so Addington either bites her or cuts her with a surgical scalpel in order to drink. To feed her partner, Addington inserts an IV in her arm and leaves it in like a straw. That way, it stays warm and doesn't clot, explains Addington. They drink each other's blood once a day, if all goes well.

Tala Brandeis, 50, doesn't consider herself a vampire, but shares Addington's love affair with the vital fluid. "What's necessary for me, for anything that's sexual, is smell. And blood smells," she explains. "I like to make the bottom bleed. I like to take the blood and feed it to the other person."

Is she afraid of accidentally infecting herself—with hepatitis, HIV, or other blood-born viruses—from her partners' blood? "It's sort of useless to worry. I'm 50 now. [Death] is coming for all of us, anyway."

The attraction to blood, like other edge play, is proportional to its danger. "Especially with AIDS, society thinks blood is so scary and forbidden," says Dawn, 36. "There's so much fear around blood, to be able to play with it is amazing." Blood, and acts that draw blood, hold an intensity that cannot easily be replicated. Take the last time that Dawn's partner, 24-year-old Sanda Steinbauer, drew Dawn's blood: "Sanda was moving to the East Coast. Before she left, right before we were going to leave for the airport, she said she had a present for me. She used a scalpel to cut an S above my heart. I was crying. I was in so much emotional pain, the physical pain was a relief."

GIRLS WILL BE LITTLE GIRLS

"Age play is key to my sexual identity," says Debbie Ann, emphasizing each word. "I think it was with me from birth. It is essential to

continued on page 42

Illustration by Leanne Franson

Lullaby for a Knife Sharpener

By Sarah Fran Wisby

Jesse. Sharpen your knives on my long bones. The first time you came by with your bag of stones, sat at my kitchen table with all the contents of my knife drawer glinting up at you, dazzling me, slices of mirror refracting your beauty as you ran the long stones along each dulled edge of metal, making it fine again, I thought about cutting up chickens. How with a good sharp knife, the gristle slides off like butter, the slippery meat opens to you as if it had waited its whole simple life for this moment.

Even after you'd finished, and laid the knives gently on a dish towel, all pointing the same way like teeth in a cared-for mouth, even after I'd paid you and you'd said "Thank you, ma'am" in a shy, self-mocking sort of way, we stayed at my kitchen table and drank half a bottle of wine. You never seemed to be in a hurry. Not that night, or any other when you'd come around. The trouble lay—and trouble is always lying coiled up someplace close by—the trouble lay in not knowing when you'd come around. And buying the toughest of meats, using my knives as often as possible, wishing them dull so I could call and ask you back only made me feel like the worst kind of woman, the kind who waits.

I never wanted to be a waiting woman; who does? But at some point I realized I had spent my whole life in anticipation, a slightly parted mouth, red and superstitious, frozen in a state of readiness. Waiting, I suppose, for a kiss to end all kisses. The big one, ominous and delicious, where you melt and melt until you disappear. But when wanting itself becomes bigger than the thing that is wanted, well. My grandpa would say, if it was a snake it woulda bit you. Meaning: everything you ever wanted could present itself on a tray with dancing girls and you wouldn't notice. You've got your eyes closed and your lips open and all that's happening is your mouth is going dry.

□ □ □ □

The second time you came over I knew I would seduce you. I made lasagna and garlic bread, and salad with red bell peppers and artichoke hearts. I was feeling poetic in the grocery store and I put my thumb over the label so it read "choke hearts"—it seemed appropriate to my mission. I asked the neighbors to watch Otto for the night—college girls, I buy pot from them sometimes.

Your other hand found the wetness between my legs and I moaned, feeling the fullness of being entered in two places at once.

In the middle of dinner I took your hand and placed your first two fingers in my mouth, all the way to the back of my throat, the soft, spongy part that reminds me of a cervix. Your other hand found the wetness between my legs and I moaned, feeling the fullness of being entered in two places at once. "Oh, Annie," you said. "I had hoped, but I wasn't sure." My hands found the curls at the back of your neck, the only place that wasn't full of hair grease, and held on.

□ □ □ □

I went back to work not too long ago, just a couple of days a week, and my first day back the other cooks were talking about some shrink they'd heard on the radio. Jeannine told us how he'd said that as soon as we become lovers with someone, as soon as we lay claim to them, we start expecting them to fill all the gaps our parents left in us, give us all the love we never had as children.

Cathy started laughing, shrieking almost, pounding the counter with a floured fist. "That's so fucked!" she wailed. "How ridiculous can you get? No wonder, God, no wonder the world is so fucked-up." I kept chopping up broccoli florettes, tossing them in a metal colander so large it always reminded me of a flying saucer. I didn't think it sounded so outrageous to ask for those things from a lover. I mean, where else are you gonna get them?

Seems like my heart is always tripping over itself trying to catch up to the way the world works now. You're not allowed to own people anymore. They come and go and you're just supposed to be okay with that. I want to belong to somebody, and if they don't want me anymore they can just put me in a burlap sack with some rocks and throw me over the bridge. I'm tired of being free.

□ □ □ □

All my knives at your disposal and you had to use your own pretty little hunting knife to mark me. This was the fourth time you came by, but only the second time you fucked me. It started out silly. I giggled when you pressed the flat side against my throat and told me to unbutton my blouse. I giggled when you traced circles around my nipples with the tip. I gasped when you pressed the tip between the bones that fence in my heart.

I knew you weren't trying to leave any permanent traces, just scratches really, a

continued on page 42

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They've Got a Ticket to Ride

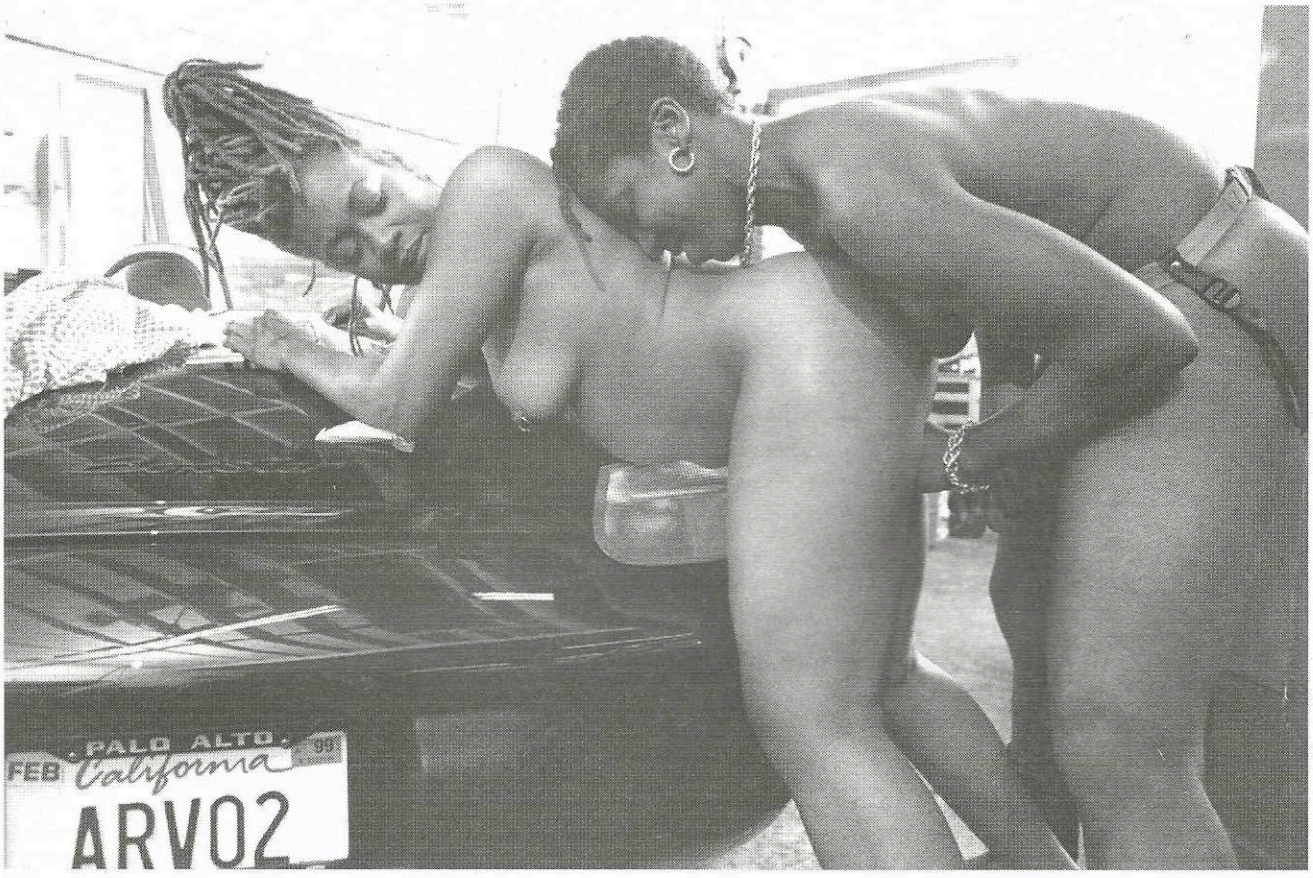
Frankie & Dymond

Photography by Peter daSilva

A friend told Frankie about a spit-fire female mechanic down at Dymond Motors who specialized in foreign cars. One Saturday while on her way to a WNBA game, Frankie thought she'd just stop in for a tune-up.

All she was looking for was a simple lube job, but when she saw that womyn—leaning under the hood of another car—Frankie started wishing for a full overhaul. She asked Dymond if she would mind giving her a little appraisal.

Dymond thought she meant the Porsche; when Frankie slipped behind her, she got the feeling—from the nape of her neck to her cunt—that Frankie wanted her realignment the old-fashioned way.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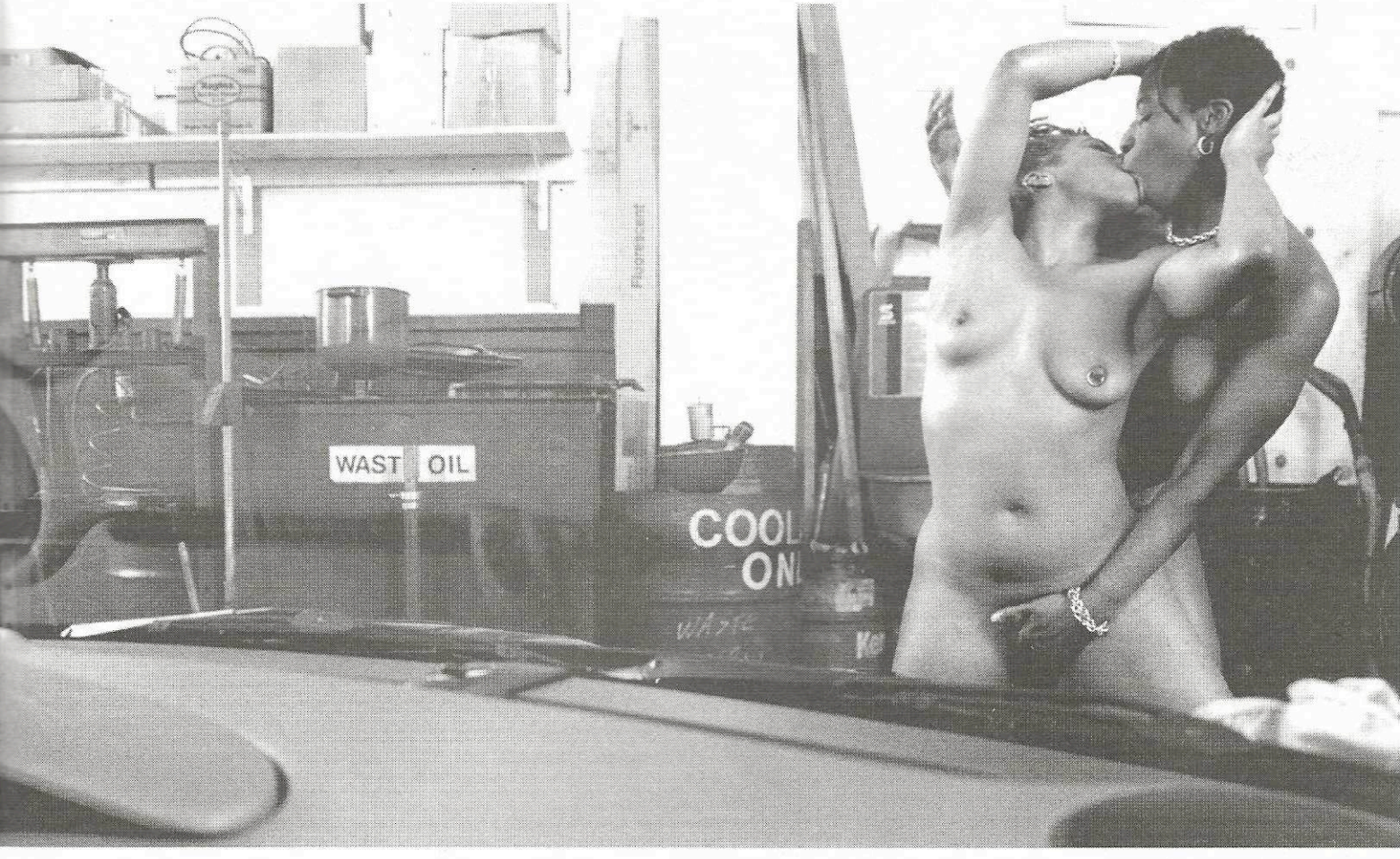
WAST OIL

Illustration by Jennifer Finch

©1998 by Studio Nine. Jennifer Finch has published a graphic novel, *The Adventures of a Lesbian College School Girl*, available from NBM Press.

Cowpoke

By Mary Tidbits

No horse gave me a ride like Rita

My first crush was on Arrow, a Pinto my neighbor let me ride when I was seven. After Arrow my love of horses only grew. Other girls replaced the horse pictures in their rooms with pictures of MTV idols, but not me. It seemed totally normal to me that I liked horses better than boys. It still does.

A little later in my life, I started getting it bad for cowgirls. If I see any lady on a horse, I'll look twice. If she has her horse moving forward on the bit, I'd probably be wet just watching her ride. If she's a redhead, it's all over.

I like redheads so much because Rita Roselock is a redhead. She won the barrel-racing event at the Montana State Championships—a day I'll never forget: Rita, sitting erect in the saddle, her horse dancing beneath her. When the gun went off, her whole body contracted. She busted through the gate to win the cup and left me in the dust, gasping, waiting to get a chance to congratulate her and maybe get a handshake.

A few beers later, I walked to her trailer as she was packing up. What to say to her? I wracked my brain as I stood there fixated by her body. "Nice ride," I said lamely.

Rita turned to me, her face expressionless. To my surprise, it lit up. "Hey!" she said, "You're Diablo's owner, aren't you?" She reached out to shake my hand. "I just love the way he moves."

"Uh, thanks, yeah, he's got a real nice lope. Part Mustang, part Arabian. Makes him a real fireball, but once you get him going good he's smooth as can be."

There was a long silence that she did not seem to find uncomfortable. Rita reached up and put her hand on my shoulder. "I've had my eye on you. You've got potential, and so does your horse, but you're both real green. I rode on this circuit for five years before I ever won a medal. I could teach you what you need to know. I've got the equipment, if you know what I mean." She took a handful of my hair in her fist. Her breath smelled like coffee. "Do you really want it?" She breathed into my ear. "I can give it to you."

Holy fuck! I put my hand on her thigh, to make sure we were on the same wavelength. To my amazement, she smiled. "That's right, cowgirl," she purred. "We could have a fine time together, you and me."

Her fistful of hair pushed my head towards hers. Our belt buckles clicked together as we ground each other hard. She had me on my tiptoes riding her thigh when we heard voices.

Rita smiled a little half-smile and pulled me inside.

She didn't have much in her trailer except a bed and a couple of sawhorses in the corner. She took my hand and sat me down. "First you watch."

Her tank top came off, revealing her taut stomach, white as a baby's butt next to her face. She dropped her bra to the floor. A tattoo of a lasso wound lazily from one small breast to her other nipple. She unbuttoned her jeans and a patch of reddish hair peeked out. With her left hand she reached into her pants while tracing that lasso tattoo. She licked her lips, and looked down as she stroked the candy-pink line in her crotch.

"So, do I get to touch?" I asked.

"Be patient," she replied. "It gets better."

Rita peeled off her Wranglers one leg at a time, and sat naked except for her snakeskin boots. Her thighs, like all barrel racers, looked rock-hard. I tried to pull her onto my lap, but she resisted.

I sat back, a little dismayed at what she wanted. As an answer, she pulled a shiny black dick out of a bag. "So do you like toys?" she asked.

"It depends on who's using them," I replied.

"How about you bend over that sawhorse right there and tell me if you like how I use it on you?"

It sounded all right to me, but I was aching to put my fingers inside of her. "OK," I said, "but first you have to come over here."

She took a step and I started to get up. With both hands she pushed me back into the chair. "You stay put," she hissed.

I snaked my arms around behind her and grabbed two fistfuls of ass. She put her hands on my shoulders and let me slide two fingers down her crack and into her wet cunt. I licked her belly and sucked her nipples. She pushed herself onto my dripping wet hand, and I straightened my fingers until all five were surrounded by a lovely warm slippery gush. Her hips released my hand with a shudder.

Rita stood up and pointed at my dusty Wranglers. "Strip."

My sleeveless denim top fell to the floor, followed by my 1967 State Roping championship belt. Rita calmly watched. I kicked off the boots and tossed my cow boxers in my heap of clothing. I felt clumsy and dirty compared to such a polished seductress.

She attached her dick to a black leather harness and cinched it around her waist. It looked like a good size, with a fun little crink on the end. "Ready, cowgirl?" she asked.

I had a good view of her boots when I leaned over the sawhorse. I lifted my ass high in the air and never took my eyes off those boots as she entered me, slowly at first. I squeezed, resisting, making her slide it around in a circle before she found the right angle. When she found that spot, that sweet orgasmic spot, I arched my back and relaxed, and let her enter me.

"Her black boots creaked with the slap-slap-slap of flesh on flesh"

She had both hands on my hips, and moved slowly at first, then slammed the breath out of me. My head hung low over the horse, blood rushed to my head, and her black boots were creaking with the slap-slap-slap of flesh on flesh. I lost control of the rhythm and felt a warm orgasmic flutter spreading from my cervix outward. The boots stopped. Silence. I groaned and collapsed on the sawhorse with my legs apart. She left the dick in there for a minute and kneaded my lower back. My body was spent. It felt damn good.

Rita was still standing there wearing her strap-on.

"Wanna switch?" I asked, hot to fuck her back.

"Later, cowgirl. We can't blow our wad in one night. Why don't you bring your toys over tomorrow and we'll see what happens."

Thus ended my first night with Rita Roselock, and began my thing for redheads. It's been with me ever since.

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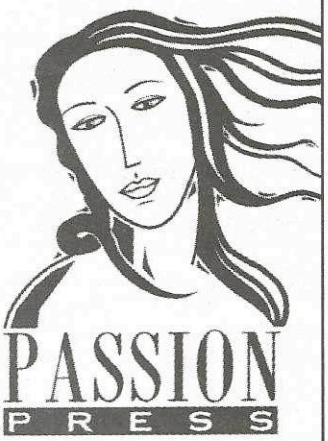

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Compiled by Lori Selke

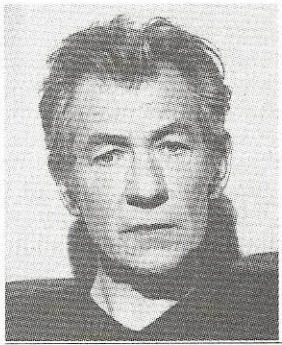
"Friends e-mailed me with requests to get to the bottom of the notorious Footnote 210 [of the Starr Report], the cryptic oral/anal reference that remains unexplained yet dripping with innuendo, in the report's index. Is this what all my patient and reassuring essays on anal sex have come to—a gig as an expert interpreter on the footnotes of a witch hunt? No fucking thanks!" *Susie Bright in* Salon

"Pornography is a powerful tool for education, healing, and empowerment." *Annie Sprinkle*

"[A lesbian love scene] is more comfortable than doing a love scene with a guy. Usually, you're waiting underneath him, burning with passion or whatever, the accessory to his great sexuality. It's so boring!" *Ally Sheedy*

"I have had to spend a lot of time in my life trying to convince people I have a right to exist. Now I don't give a shit. I'm not offended by them. My music's not for them. They can say what they want. It just means that they are the ones to be angry and feel bad." *1998 Eurodisco winner and Israeli transsexual pop star Dana International in* Details

"What distinguishes homosexuality from kleptomania isn't that one is natural and the other isn't. It's that love and theft have dramatically different consequences." *Virginia Postrel in* Reason



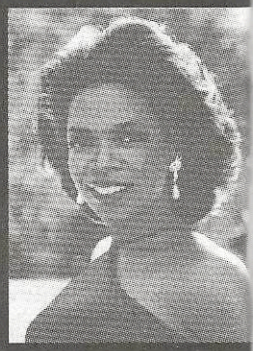
"I feel sorry for [closeted actors]. There is no career, there is no success worth having if the price you pay is to lie about something so crucial to your nature. Get another job." *Sir Ian McKellen, in* Movieline

"[The word feminist] makes you think of women that don't shave their legs." Sarah Michelle Gellar of Buffy the Vampire Slayer

"What is yet another sign of an increasingly decadent society? When two homosexuals claim they're 'married' and want the same insurance and other 'domestic partner' benefits as a heterosexual husband and wife." editorial in the Augusta Chronicle, Georgia

"I began to realize that, far from being peripheral in our society, pornography is a popular mainstream method of promoting the degradation of women. No amount of rhetoric about free speech could defend the images I saw...as worth defending." Beth Stevens in off our backs

"She is an abomination. Even in Sodom there was nothing like it." Israeli Deputy Minister of Health Shlomo Ben-Izri on Dana International



"She knew she had to lose weight, but she had done that before." **Anna Wintour,** editor of **Vogue,** speaking of the weight loss that was a prerequisite for Oprah to appear on the cover

"Gay activism is as spiritually undeveloped and lacking in common sense about human nature as feminism was in the period of date-rape hysteria in the late 1980s and early 1990s (one of the long battles that my reform wing of feminism finally won in the U.S., though date-rape propaganda still seethes in backwater British feminism)." Camille Paglia

"I hope it happens more often." anonymous message to Rainbow Chorus and Lambda Community Center of Fort Collins, Wyoming, following Matthew Shephard's death

PHOTO OF SUSIE BRIGHT COURTESY CLEIS PRES/SARAH MICHELLE GELLER BY FRANK OCKENFELS/DANA INTERNATIONAL BY ALIX MALLEN (SYGMA)/OPRAH WINFREY BY STEVEN MEISEL/IAN MCKELLEN BY FRANÇOIS DISCHINGER

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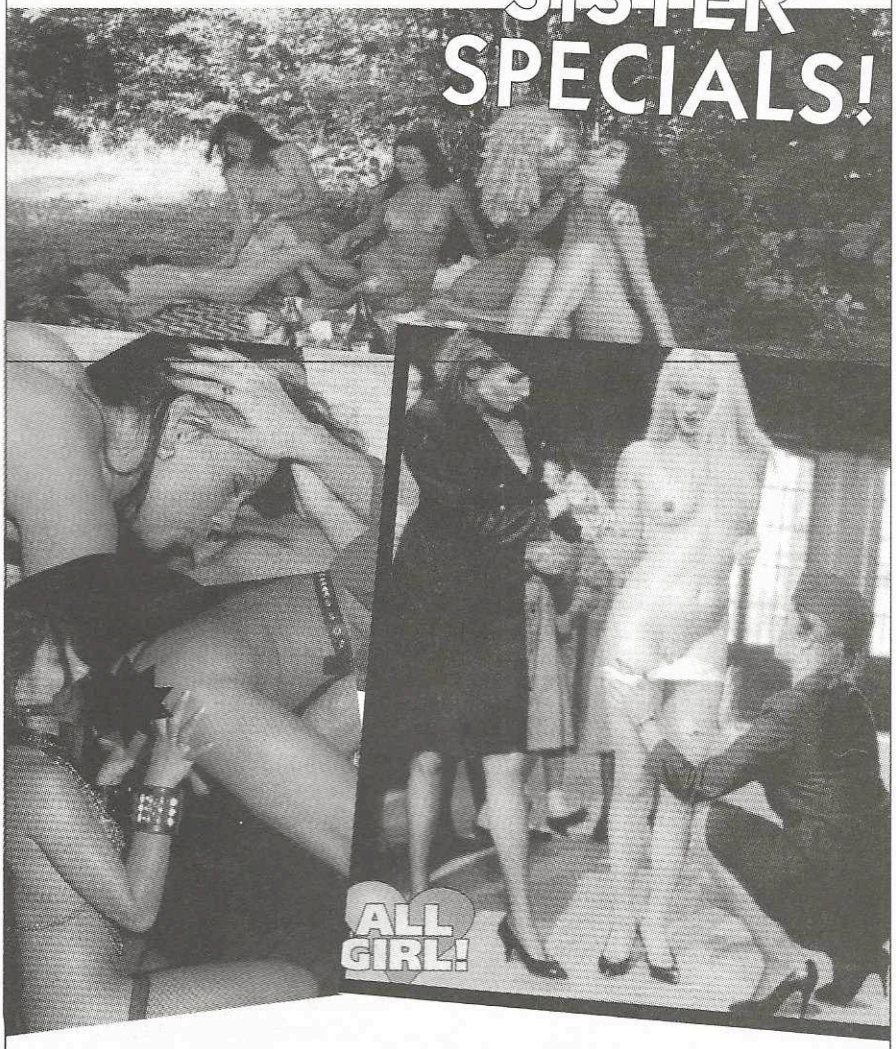

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DANGEROUS LIAISONS
continued from page 29

me." Age play has no set definition, but tends to involve pretending that one is younger or older than one's true age, before, during, or after sex—although no sex may be involved at all, as well. Debbie Ann usually plays a ten-year-old girl. Her girlfriend pretends to be her father. Their sessions usually involve some kind of discipline, usually spanking, before sex.

Debbie Ann likes to do age play in private and in public. "We'll be in the store and I'll misbehave and I'll get a spanking," she says. To fuel her imagination, she likes to read about children who have had horrible childhoods, from books on child sexual abuse to Kate Millet's*The Basement*. Age play can extend outside a mind fuck, too: Debbie Ann regularly gets her pubic hair waxed, "to feel soft, like a young girl."

Debbie Ann was not abused as a child; she describes her upbringing as "great." "[Age play] doesn't remind me of my relationship with my father," she says. "It feels more fulfilling than my relationship with my father—like it completed something."

Steinbauer has done age play ever since she first started having sex, when she was 14. An incest survivor, Sanda likes to pretend she's seven, the same age as when she was abused in real life. Her partner, Dawn, also an incest survivor, plays the molester. "I get sexually aroused from it," explains Sanda. "It's a way to revisit the past, but to get something powerful out of it, to have some control."

Molester-and-girl isn't the only age play they partake in: sometimes they reverse roles, with Dawn as the girl and Sanda as the molester. Other times they pretend to be two 15-year-old girls. Still other times they reverse their real ages. All their scenes are negotiated beforehand: they each talk about what they do and don't want from the scene before playing—days, hours, or minutes before.

PACKING A ROD

Jain d'Eaux* fucks her partner with a loaded gun. This kind of play is one of the most contentious acts in the SM community; the woman with the gun in her pussy has a very real chance of being killed. But that, says d'Eaux, is the point. "That person's life is entirely in my hands, that person's heart beat, their blood pressure. Their soul is in my hands, because their soul lives in their body."

But does she put on the safety, at least? "What's the fun in having it loaded if you're going to leave on the safety?" asked d'Eaux.

Does she fuck her partner very slowly? "I would recommend doing it very carefully. It's fucking dangerous, you could kill somebody! It's inherent in the nature of the play."

OH, SHIT!

"I've always been a butthole surfer," says 41-year-old Daddy K.* "I'm into having my dyke boy sit backwards on my face. I tell her, 'Okay boy, I want you to put your rectum on Daddy's mouth.' She spreads it as wide as she can, and I stick my tongue all the way up her asshole." Daddy K says she can actually get her tongue in her partner's ass about four inches, far enough to taste her shit. "It's very exciting to me," she explains. She says when she rims her partner this way, "we go into a trance. There's this veil around us; it's like we're tripping on drugs or something."

Daddy K says shit tastes "like gorgonzola cheese; it's kind of peppery." She says vegetarians' shit tastes better than meat eaters', and that it's good anyway to avoid that animal waste.

Daddy K has all her hepatitis shots, but she stresses that scat play is dangerous. She rims without using plastic wrap: "You can't lick butt and have protection," she says. "It wouldn't be raunchy; it would be totally benign." She's been rimming without protection for 20 years, and says, "I'm just waiting to get sick. Then I'll stop."

"For me, rimming is not a casual event," says Daddy. "For someone to choose this kind of edge play, it has to be a fetish and a consuming desire. I think people should only rim if they desperately want to eat someone's asshole. I wouldn't suggest that anyone do the kind of play I do, unless they can't help themselves."

ALL TIED UP

Sex is personal, but it is also cultural. Edge players are drawn to practices such as strangulation, bloodletting, and age play because they violate oppositions—life and death, inside and outside, cleanliness and dirt—that are central to our culture. They're thrilling to some of us precisely because others find them disgusting, dangerous, or offensive.

"Repression is nothing if not just failed imagination," says Stamps. And for some, the value of overcoming repression is so great, they'll follow their imaginations as they trample roughshod over our society's most revered symbolic distinctions—even at the risk of life itself. There are few sexual warriors as brave as that.

There are no known organizations that deal exclusively with edge play, but women's SM support groups may be a good place to start. Please note that the opinions expressed by persons in this article are not necessarily reflective of the missions of these groups.

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LULLABY
continued from page 31

lopsided heart with angel wings. It took three weeks to fade.

The hundred-and-twelfth time you came over—well, to tell the truth it was only the twelfth, but it felt like so much more. The twelfth time you came over you let me make you come. We had been smoking a little pot in the living room, tending the fire in the woodstove, and you lay back on the couch, unzipped your jeans, and said, "Come here, little girl."

I nuzzled my face into your crotch and worked my fingers past the sharp teeth of the zipper, through the cotton flap of your briefs, and your fingers found my mouth and I took them as if it were your cock and I gave the best head of my life, fucking my own face with the whole of your hand, your right hand. You held my hair away from my face with that hand while I fucked you stealthily with my own little fingers—that part we don't talk about, that part that is hard for you—and soon you started bucking your hips and pressing my head hard into your crotch, choking me on your cock, then letting out the softest little moan and stroking my hair and we didn't move or say anything for the longest time. Then I heard the baby crying and got up to go feed him.

Jesse. When you touched my throat it went dry. When you laid your hand flat against my chest, it was as if a cellar door had opened, and I tried to suck you deep into my darkness. I wanted to swallow your flame without extinguishing it, keep it burning in my belly.

Every time you fucked me I wanted it everywhere at once. All the way down my throat like the tubes they feed you through in hospitals. So far up my pussy I could feel my uterus contracting, remembering the baby—that kind of fullness. So deep in my ass I'd start thinking about all those miles of intestine and wondering if I could digest you in reverse, shit you out through my surprised mouth. Wouldn't that be something.

To have neither you nor the pleasure of your company didn't occur to me. I thought it was up to me. If you wouldn't love me, not right away, at least I would have your presence. If it was a bit hollow, a bit vanishing at the edges, at least it was you, the huge physical fact of you. A body choosing to keep time with my body. A body intersecting with my body in the kind of pleasure that could turn a girl religious.

But you left. Your body left. It ran away to be with your mind. Eloped in the night with no attempt to warn me. I loved you. Why is it so satisfying to say that now, now that you aren't around to hear it? Now that the words are implicitly sad, parentheses around loss, two pathetic arms that hold nothing. Loved. You.

Sharpen your knives on what's left of me. I have been carved down to nothing, a skeleton of longing. You left me all wrong, turned inside-out like a pair of spent gloves. You were lifted out of me too soon, like a C-section baby, a baby who couldn't bother to be born. I woke in a fog, needle and thread in my hand, stitching myself up.

GET IT GIRL

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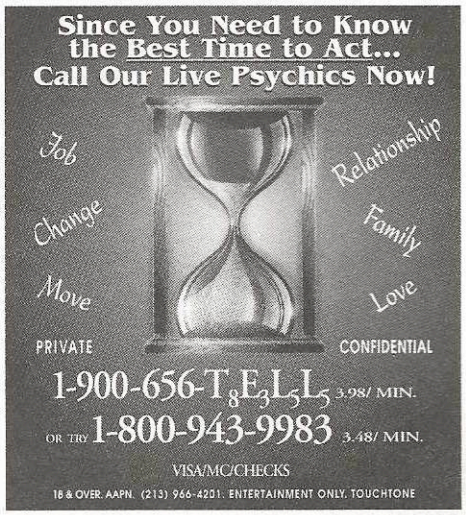
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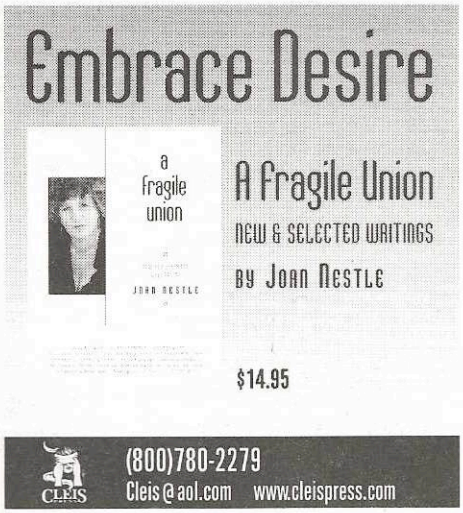
MEGHANN - Thanks for being my sexy friend. Good luck to you and Michelle. Let's hang out again and cause some trouble! I love you and miss you lots! Love, Nikki.

SNOOKUMS - I want to feast on your honeypot, licking your juices all over your body. Happy Valentines Day! Love, Kitty.

TO MY POWERFUL JUNGLE PUMA, in hopes that I'll wander into your clearing again and again, for the rest of our wild days.



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ALLIE - I want to throw you against the wall and feel your beautiful body rub against mine. Please say that we can meet again! BFD misses you. Love, N.

TO MY TWO 311 DADDIES - I miss you, our porch parties and our DAYS of indulgence. - You are both in my Heart - Love M.

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HOOK UP!

I WANT A WOMAN BiBF, 5'2", looking for another BiF, to fulfill some of my fantasies. If interested, give me a call. (McKeysport) #20506

TRUE LESBIAN SWF, 29, never-married, no kids, enjoys the simple things in life. Looking for that special someone. If that's you, give me a call. (Williamston) #21922

I'LL TREAT YOU RIGHT GWF, 42, seeking GF, to share candlelit dinners, long walks in the park and cuddling. I would love to spoil you rotten. (Cookeville) #20473

ARE YOU INTERESTED? Open-minded WF, 36, blonde/blue, HWP, enjoys horseback riding, cooking, motorcycles and making new friends. Looking for new friends in the area. (Corpus Christi) #21089

LET'S KICK IT! GBF, seeking other F, for freaky and kinky fun with. Age and race unimportant. No games. (Kansas City) #20543

REAL LESBIANS ONLY Looking for professional Woman who's childless, financially secure, spiritual, intelligent and likes working out and reading. No Bi's please. Serious only. (Kansas City) #20451

19-YEAR-OLD SPORTS FAN. BF,19, into basketball, softball and all other sports. Looking for a F, 21-28, for friendship and possible relationship. (Long Branch) #21326

SOFT BUTCH PREFERRED GWF, 24, 5'7", chubby, short blonde/blue, artistic, looking for a voluptuous W/HF, 21-35, soft butch or butch, for a possible long term relationship. (Long Beach) #20574

VERY SEXY BIBF, 22, 5'10", 180 lbs, likes quiet evenings at home, looking for an honest, serious-minded F with a sense of humor. (Manhattan) #22170

VERY ATTRACTIVE LADY Biracial GF, 24, 6', 150 lbs, athletic build, very light skinned, looking for down-to-earth, fun F, who aren't into the club scence but wouldn't mind going out occasionally. (Long Island) #20923

GREEN-EYED CHEF Nicely-built WF, 32, never-married, no children, works out, loves children, animals and cuddling up to a good movie. Looking for a butch BF, 28-36, to spend time with. (Greenville) #20920

AQUARIAN BY BIRTH College-educated by choice and steadily employed due to necessity. SBiF, 43, parent of two, enjoys classic movies, theater, cooking and quiet evenings at home. Looking for someone, 35-45, for a possilbe relationship. Race unimportant. (Columbus) #20675

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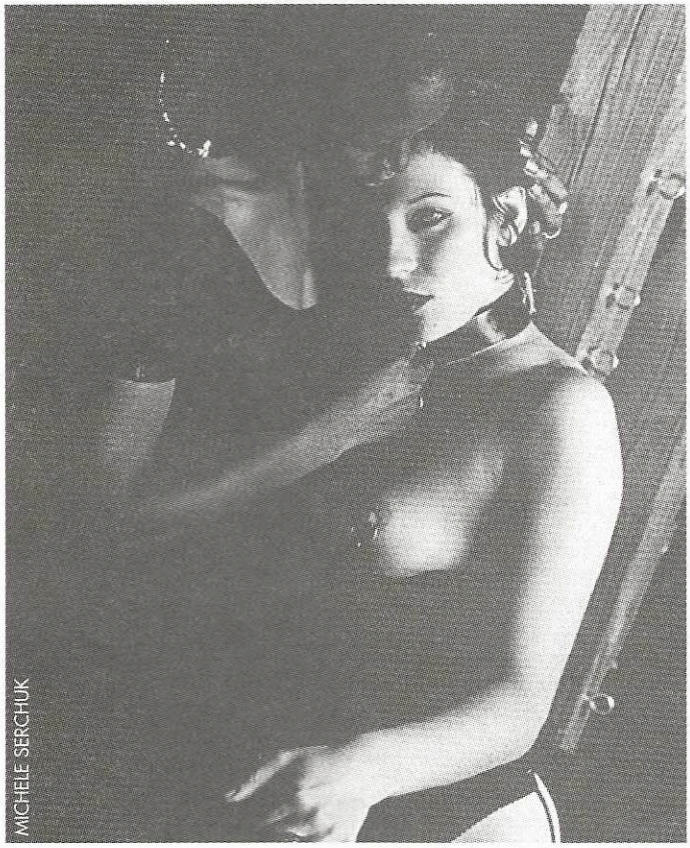
WATCH OUT! Shy Bi-curious SWF, 25, 5'3", 270 lbs, blonde/blue, aggressive, cute, loves music, movies and walks by the river. Looking ofr that special someone for friendship and possible relationship. (Tulsa) #21095

HOPELESS ROMANTIC Looking for a SGWF for a possible long-term-relationship. I love moonlit walks, cuddling, holding hands and anything romantic. (Florence) #21465

I LOVE TO PLEASE Very submissive, attractive SWF, late 40's, 5'2", medium build, red/green, well-endowed, into toys, fantasies and pleasing and servicing my mistress. Looking for a mistress or dominant, agressive F. Age and race open. Must be drug and disease-free. Serious only. (Katie) #20354

NO GAMES SF seeking drug/disease-free, healthy, humorous, HIV-Women to have fun with. (Salt Lake City) #21779

TALK TO YOU SOON 37-year-old full-figured F, enjoys music, movies and quiet, romantic evenings. Looking for a special Lady to share my inner most thoughts and feelings with. I would love to get to know you, so leave a message. (Polaski) #21354


MICHELE SERCHUK

NO COMMITMENT 19-year-old WF, seeking WF, 23-30, for a purely physical relationship with no strings. If this is what you've been looking for, leave me a message. (Olympia) #21670

SPECIAL WOMAN African-American, soft butch F, very young 36, HWP, light-skinned, into Tae Kwon Do, cinema, good food, classic rock and early jazz. ISO a special Woman, 25-41, very femme, articulate, intelligent, articulate and sensitive with a great sense of humor. If you're into martial arts, that would be a big plus. Race open. (Seattle) #21136

I'M A CUTIE PIE African-American F, 5'2", long wavy hair, enjoys late night drives, the beach, biking, rollerblading, travel, concerts, dogs and checking out new clubs. (Paramount) #22169

24-YEAR-OLD MOONCHILD Panamanian/Puerto Rican F, 5'2", 105 lbs, olive complexion, black/brown, enjoys movies, theater, concerts, climbing, music and having a good time. Looking for a very feminine, petite W/HF, 20-30, who likes to go out and have a good time. No baggage, drama, butches or men. (Van Nuys) #15920

40-YEAR-OLD BRUNNETTE, 5'5", size 10, with varied interests, would like to talk to you. Give me a call. (Huntington Beach) #11737

ONE ON ONE Lesbian WF,27, short brown/green, looking for another butch/soft butch for some no strings fun. I hope to hear from you. (Jacksonville) #20713

OPEN TO ANYTHING Affectionate, dominant, Bi-curious Woman, looking for a petite F, to have fun with. (Minneapolis) #21824

GOOD CONVERSATION Gay Single mother, 21, 5'10", red/blue, looking for an honest, straight-forward F, 21-25, with a good sense of humor and similar interests. I love coffee shops, music, theater, the outdoors and spending time with my little boy. (Mineapolis) #21528

ONE ON ONE Active Single Lesbian, likes animals, the outdoors, camping, parks, coffee, movies and trying new things. Looking for friendship with relationship potential. (Minneapolis) #21253

TAKE IT FROM THERE WF, 20, 5'2", 170 lbs, dark/green, into music, going to clubs and having fun. Looking for a F, to get to know and we can take it from there. I look forward to hearing from you. (St. Joseph) #21523

POSITIVE AND UPBEAT Tall, lipstick wearing GBF, 5'9", HWP, n/s, likes to travel. Looking for a tall, lipstick wearing GWF who's over 5'9" and has long hair, to spend quality time with. (Country Club Hills) #21027

GIVE IT TO ME 18-year-old Woman, looking for someone to be with who likes sports. Can you give what I want? (Carbondale) #20414

BROWN-SKINNED BEAUTY SBF, 19, 6', 159 lbs, very pretty, ISO a Woman to have fun with and possibly start a relationship. Race unimportant. (Miami) #21519

BEAUTY AND BRAINS Beartiful, interesting, smart BiW/HF, 27, 5'2", 115 lbs, with a great heart. Looking for a Bi/GF, 25-35, petite-medium build, for fun and possible relationship. (Miami) #21127

ARE YOU THE ONE? SF, 28, Aquarius, tomboy, dread head, honest, intelligent, down-to-earth, enjoys music, plays, concerts, poetry, movies and whatever. ISO Woman for friendship and maybe more. (Chicago) #21411

LOOKING FOR MY COWGIRL Very feminine, soft butch SWF, 44, 5'7", 140 lbs, dark brown/blue, with high Texas morals and standards, loves animals, rodeos and cooking. Seeking a GWF with hight standards and similar interests. (Costa Mesa) #20277

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EXOTIC BEDROOM EYES Very feminine, attractive, sexy BF, 27, 5'6", 146 lbs, pierced tongue, dreds, likes dancing, pool and music. Looking for a very close, feminine friend for fun times and whatever happens after that. (Fairfield) #20740

GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR Hispanic F, 38, 5'5", 150 lbs, enjoys movies, fine dining out and cuddling with my pets. Looking for a drub-free H/WF, around my age, for friendship and maybe more. (San Fernando Valley) #19015

WILD AND CRAZY Fit WF, 5'5", blonde/blue, ISO petite, feminine, 5'-5'5", who enjoyes everything from quiet evenings at home to being wild and crazy, for a fun friendship. (Irving) #20696

PETITE LADY WF 5'2", brown/green, looking for friendshiop and possibly a relationship. I'm new to the area and looking for a little fun. (Marino Valley) #21262

CAN'T SAY NO Old enough to know the difference between love and lust. Young enough to still be playful, curious and spontaneous. I'm in my feisty 40s, worldly, attractive, intelligent and experienced with big blue eyes and medium length hair. If you're tired of brain games, and needy, neurotic, inexperienced, dependent Women, let's get together. (Santa Cruz) #21166

FOR A HOT TIME Dominant f, seeking submissive, butch F, to share my rance life with me. I'm very pretty, lots of fun and can be very accommodating for someone looking for a hot time. (Escondido) #21041

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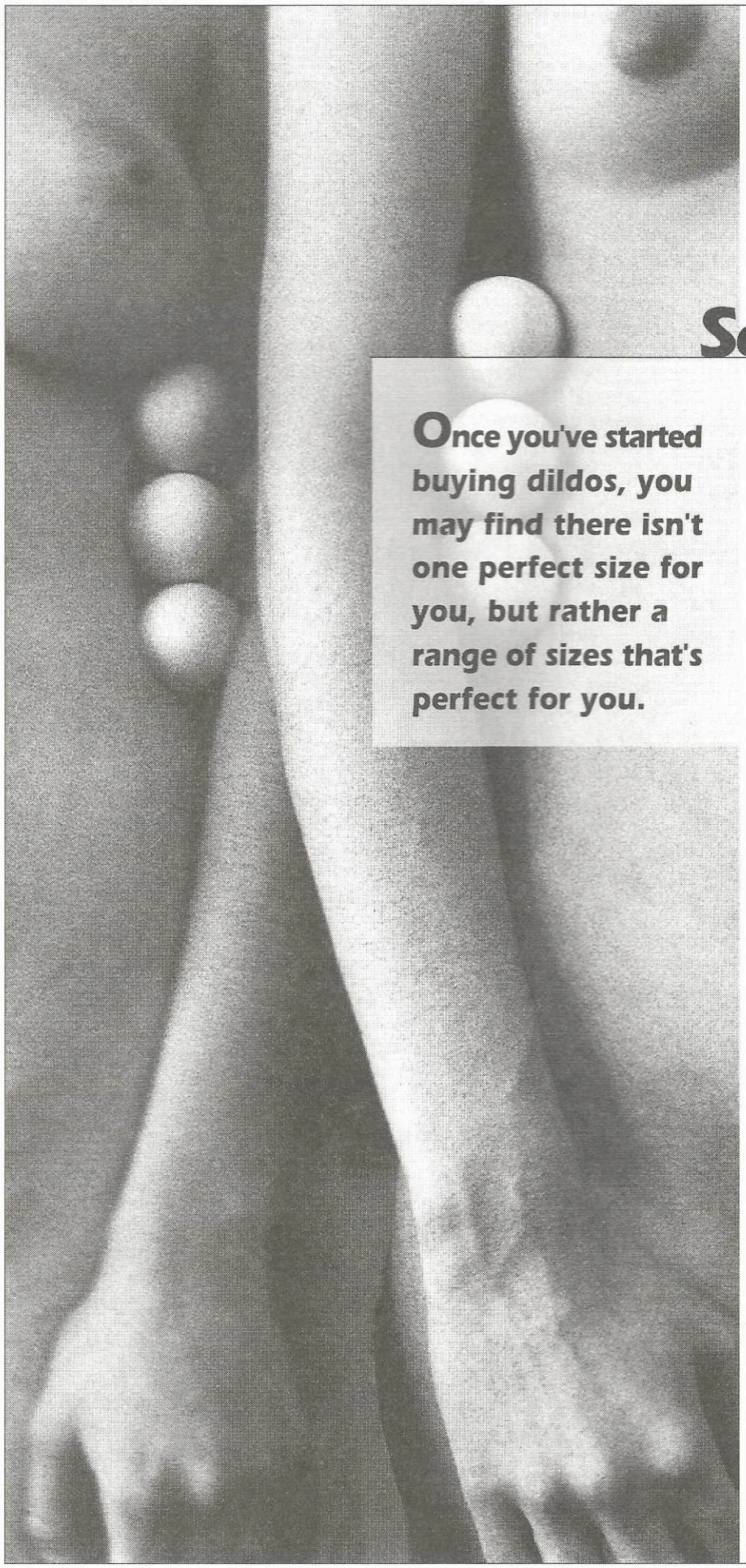

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Sex Toys 101

Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you.

Dildos have always played a part in lesbian sex and lesbian sexual culture. Before dildos were manufactured and sold, resourceful, penetration-loving women created their own toys from materials at hand, like wood or clay, or from common household items, like the friendlier end of a hairbrush. Modern times have brought us a feast of choices, and lesbians are freer than ever before to explore the delicious world of penetration.

If you are buying a dildo for the first time, make sure you don't bite off more than you can chew, so to speak. A dildo that's too big around or too long for its purpose is a sad thing indeed. Happily, dildos are not penises, so no dildo has to be your final choice! Once you've started buying dildos, you may find there isn't one perfect size for you, but rather a range of sizes that's perfect for you. (Check out the Jane Doe line. It offers something for everyone.)

For women who have taken up gender as a sex toy, dildos enhance sex play like almost nothing else can. There are now high quality, silicone dildos for the bedroom (see The Realistics on the next page), and for the barroom (see Packy), that resemble penises. Most of us remember when the words "blowjob" and "lesbian" could not be used in the same sentence. Now we're free to write whatever sentence we want!

With the fluidity of gender and the variance of lesbian desire commonly accepted, and often celebrated, dildos have made their way into many a lesbian boudoir. And by all accounts, they are here to stay.

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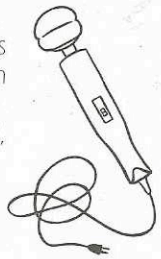

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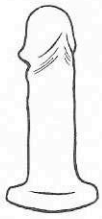

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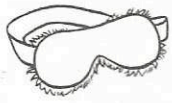
Tweezer Clips
A favorite nipple clamp, these rubber tipped tweezers easily adjust from light to tight. **$12.00**

Fuzzy Blindfold
Lined with comfy fake fur, this attractive blindfold blocks out all light. Black. **Leather $22.00**
Nylon $16



Jane Wa
This silicone line brings another time-honored butt toy shape into the present and beyond. The sphincter-pleasing form is designed for in-and-out play. Can be worn in a harness.

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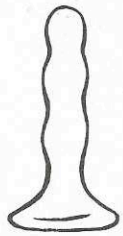

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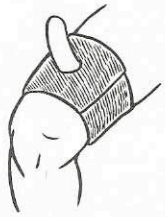
Simplicity is at the heart of this latest thigh harness. One size truly fits all — all thighs (up to 36") and all dildos. Stretchy wetsuit material, 40" x 7", wraps around your thigh and closes with velcro at any point along its length. A hole at one end will stretch to accommodate any dildo. The stretchy material feels sexy on! **$29.95**



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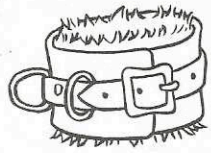
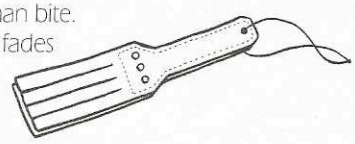


Onyx Collar
This simple graceful collar is made of doubled glove leather for a comfortable, attractive fit. **S, M, L. $25.00**

Spanky
This small spanker packs more bark than bite. The sound can be fun, and the sting fades quickly. Black leather. **$25.00**



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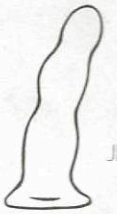
(Paid Advertisement)

The Jane Does

The Jane Does are a series of pleasantly shaped non-representational dils. They are gently tapered from the tip and have a sinuous rippled shape.

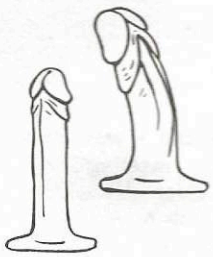
JD2


JD4L

Jane Doe 1	**6" x 1 1/8"**	**$34**
Jane Doe 2	**6" x 1 1/4"**	**$36**
Jane Doe 3	**6" x 1 3/8"**	**$41**
Jane Doe 4	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$45**
Jane Doe 5	**6" x 1 5/8"**	**$49**
Jane Doe 6	**6" x 1 3/4"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 4L	**7 1/4" x 1 1/2"**	**$54**
Jane Doe 5L	**7 1/4" x 1 5/8"**	**$58**
Jane Doe 6L	**7 1/4" x 1 3/4"**	**$63**

The Realistics

These straightforward toys are made of firm silicone and are lavish in detail. Each size is available either straight or curved.



Sm/Sm curved	**5 1/4" x 1"**	**$38**
Med/Med curved	**6" x 1 1/2"**	**$58**
Lrg/Lrg curved	**7 1/2" x 2"**	**$68**

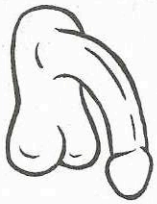
Terra Firma

Hats off to the designers of this harness. The O-ring snaps out for adjustability, the waist and leg straps connect directly to the ring for a rock solid fit, a leather pad behind the dildo protects those pinchable pubic hairs. There is room for the balls of the realistic toys some love so well. Available with either double D-ring or buckle clasps. Medium fits up to a 44" hip, large up to 54" hip.

D-ring Terra Firma $50.00
Buckling Terra Firma $62.00
Black or Purple Nylon $27.00

Packy

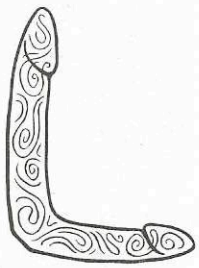
This semi-hard dildo is perfect for anyone who wants a realistic bulge in their pants. Unlike stiffer dildos it does not look like a rolling pin in your shorts. The dildo is firm enough to penetrate.



Two colors: tan & black. 5" x 1 1/2" $50.00

Boomerang

An innovative V-shaped design allows two women sharing this toy to face each other, and it's good for girl on boy butt love too. Coupled with a snug-fitting pair of men's briefs, the woman with the short end can control the toy with no hands, eliminating all the awkward positioning most double dils necessitate. Available in regular or small. Sizes below indicate the smaller side's length and diameter first, the larger side's second.



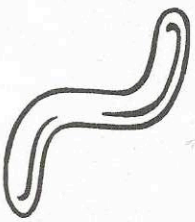
Regular 5 1/2" x 1 3/8" and 8 1/2" x 1 3/8" $82.00
Small 5" x 1 1/4" and 7" x 1 1/4" $68.00

Trihelix

The twisting strands of trihelix provide lots of stimulation. Not just a 'slam bam, thank you ma'am' model, the ribs of tri-helix make every instant one of definite sensation. 6 1/2" x 1 1/4" **$48.00**

Crystal Wand

This 10 inch clear acrylic S-shaped wand is perfect for stimulating the g-spot. Designed by a woman to help other women unleash the energy of this sensitive area, the wand comes with a 7 page guidebook on the g-spot and the wand.



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$60.01–$100	$8.75	$16.25	$23.25
$100.01–$200	$11.00	$18.50	$25.50
Over $200.01	$13.00	$20.50	$27.50

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We regret that we cannot be responsible for any seizures by customs, although our sympathy and outrage are with you.

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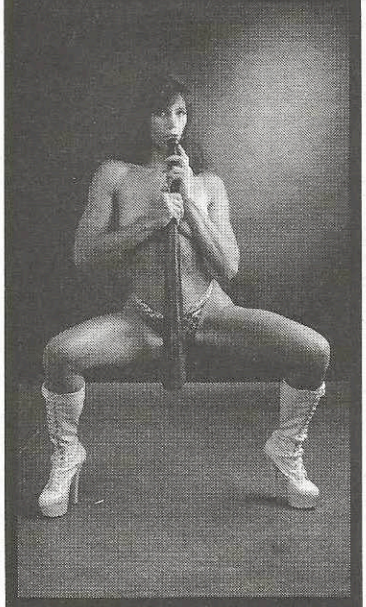

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What's the Worst Sex You Have Ever Had?

Compiled by Yetta Howard

KATRINA DEL MAR

I was a baby dyke of 19 and I was on a sleepover, queer-organizing meeting with several activist friends. An older woman (she was in her late 40s) who had only recently come out came on to me—and moved so fast that she had her fingers in my cunt before I'd figured out what she was doing. (Needless to say, my cunt was *not* ready for the experience!) Not only was it the closest thing to rape I've ever experienced from another woman, it was incredibly humiliating to have it happen in front of other people. Carol Queen

I was at a party on Valentine's Day and was scoping this sexy, older butch girl from across the room. We hung out, and I eventually went home with her. She immediately snorted a bunch of cocaine and led me into her bedroom, which was decorated with about 40 huge black dildos. I was a virgin, so I was sort of freaked out. We made out, but I wouldn't go all the way. Turns out, she lived with a woman—who happened to be out of town—and was intending to cheat on her. Gross. After that, she stalked me for several months, and I was confronted by her drunk, back-in-town girlfriend. *Lily*

Susan was so petite, but had such a presence; I imagined this fiery passion to be burning inside. So, as soon as I was alone with her in her apartment I didn't waste any time. She went into dominatrix mode, blindfolded me, and she wouldn't let me touch her. She sounded like she was reading some manual on machine assembly; I let her continue her 'procedure,' while I concentrated on what I was going to have for dinner. I felt like a robot and was bored and annoyed—during and afterwards. Frankie

The first time I went down on a woman we were in the front seat of my little car, and I was trying to master cunnilingus from all I had read in *Joy of Sex*. I got a pubic hair caught in my throat and started gagging. I then threw up, in the car, on her leg, and spent an hour crying because I was so embarrassed. It's hilarious in retrospect. *Janet*

I was at home watching the WNBA, and the girl that I'd been digging called me up. I really didn't want to be interrupted, so I told her I wouldn't be much company until the game was over. Ten minutes later she showed up and got right to the point. I leaned up to kiss her, and her breath was horrible. I tried to ignore this, and after barely any foreplay, she started fucking me with her index finger. She had no rhythm and I wasn't even wet. She tried to talk dirty, but ended up sounding like an idiot. I was nowhere near orgasm, so I just faked it, and she believed it! Eventually she left, and I finally got to finish watching the game! Aretha

It was my freshman year of college, and I finally hooked up with this woman that I had been wanting. While going down on her, I realized that she apparently wasn't too fond of personal hygiene. She obviously hadn't showered for a while and must have recently used the toilet. Because I love eating pussy and don't usually stop once I've already started, I continued eating her, completely disgusted by her the entire time. I stopped wanting her after that. *Bret*

While in San Francisco for Pride, my girlfriend Lisa and I were caught having sex by our mutual friend and her roommate. We were totally caught off guard, but they actually joined in! Everything was great until our friend got out her HUGE strap-on dildo. Lisa and I had never used strap-ons before, and our friend was low on lube. We all fucked well into the next morning. We were all so sore after that, that none of us made it to the Dyke March or the Pride Parade. I think sometimes big can be just too fucking big. Merry

Tell us! **How was your three-way?** Write **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax 415-648-4705, e-mail staff@gfriends.com

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